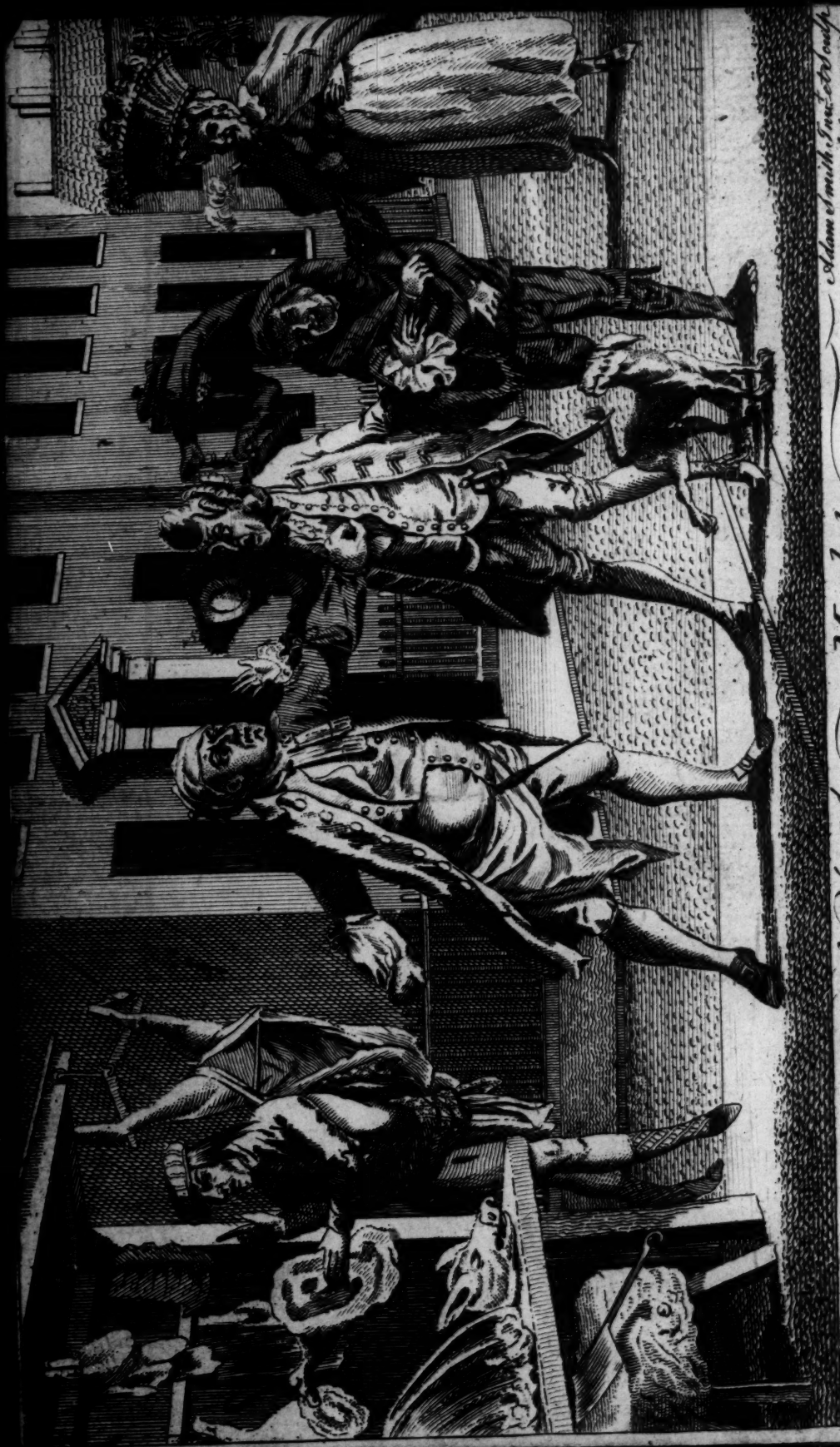
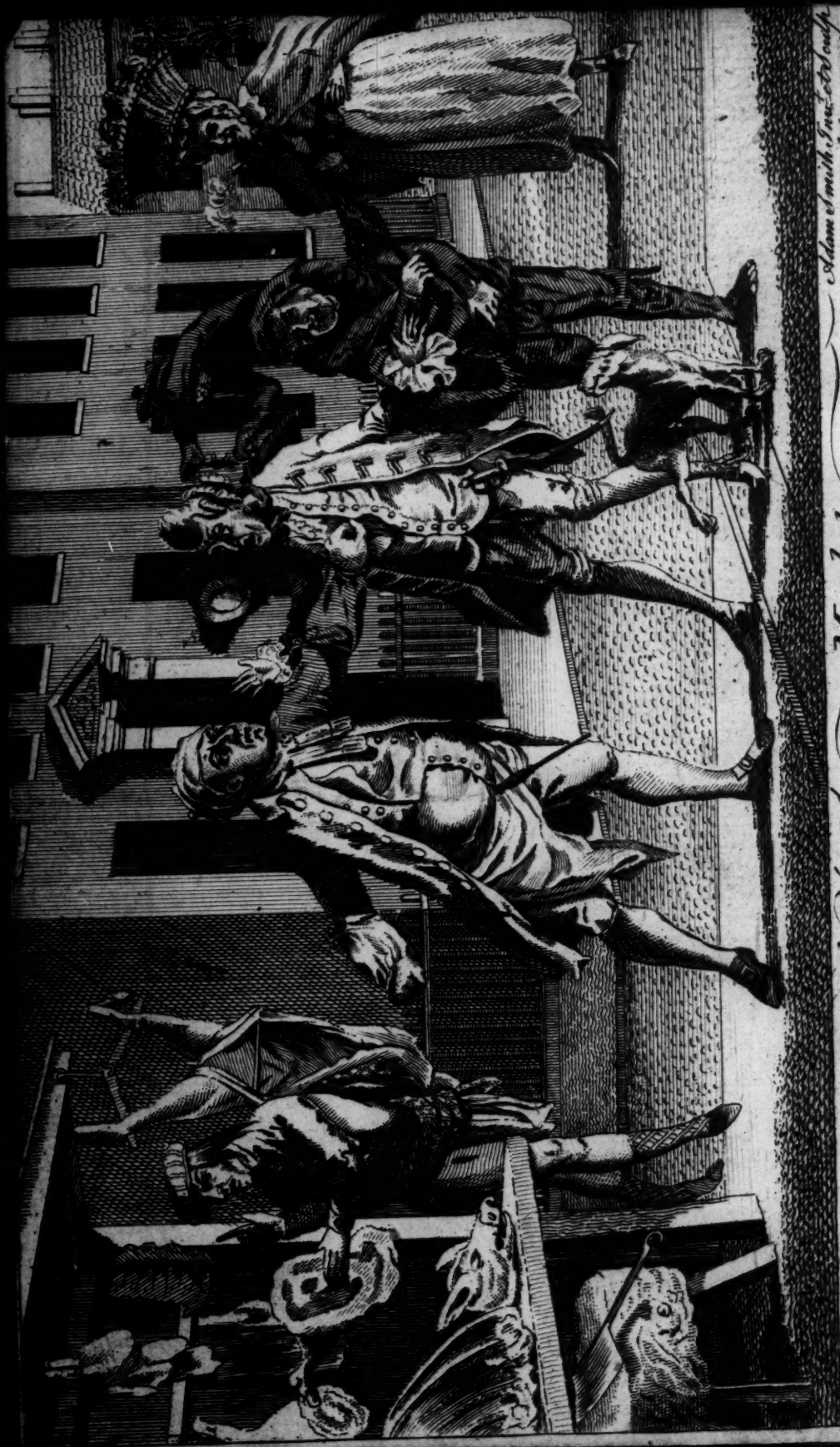




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The Frenchman at Market. From a painting by J. B. Huet.

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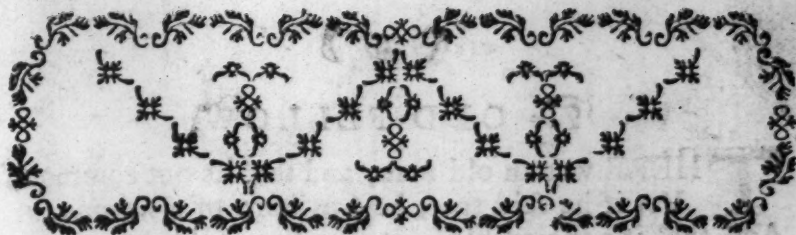
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[Price One Shilling.]

x





T H E

Delicate Jester.

TO Thespis, the honour of the invention of the tragic scene hath been given by some authors ; but they were mistaken : it was he however that new modelled it, and with such success that his performances drew at that time all the world after them. Amongst the rest, SOLON, the famous law-giver, used to attend at those representations for the sake of hearing Thespis, who acted himself, which was always a custom with the ancient poets ; when the play was ended, he called to Thespis, and asked him, " Why he was not ashamed to utter such lyes before so many people." Thespis made answer, " That there were no harm in lyes of that sort, and in poetical fictions, which were made for diversion." No, replied Solon, [giving a great stroke with his stick upon the ground,] *but if we suffer and approve of lying for our diversion, it will quickly find its way into all our serious engagements.*

B

A

The ODD FELLOW.

THERE was an old man, and tho' its not common;
 Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman;
 And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
 He was once a meer infant, but age made him old.
 Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat;
 And, if he could get it, 'tis said he would eat:
 When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him the pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.
 He seldom or never could see without light;
 And yet I've been told he could hear in the night:
 He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
 And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.
 'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd;
 And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd,
 And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd burst,
 For one leg or t'other would always be first.
 His face was the oddest that ever was seen;
 For if 'twas not wash'd 'twas seldom quite clean.
 He shew'd most of his teeth, when he happen'd to grin,
 And his mouth stood a-crofs 'twixt his nose and his chin.
 If this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
 If he could not get over he'd stay where he was;
 And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
 Yet so great was his luck, that he never was drown'd.
 Among other strange things that befel this poor yeoman,
 He was married, poor soul, and his wife was, a woman;
 And if not by that liar (Miss Fame) we're beguil'd,
 We may rightly affirm, he was never with child.
 At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
 And then as folks said, he was not very well:
 But what was more strange, in so weak a condition,
 As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.
 What wonder, he dy'd! yet 'tis said that his death,
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:
 But! peace to his bones, that in ashes now moulder,
 Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

A certain member of a former parliament, having heard many speeches in the house to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory. Accordingly he watched for a favourable opportunity to open, and at length an occasion presented itself: It was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows:

“ Mr. Speaker --- have we laws, or have we not laws? --- if we have laws and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made? --- so saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious importance: When another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: ---

“ Mr. Speaker --- did the honourable gentleman, who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak? which apropos reply set the house into such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

A person observing another oddly accoutered near the palace, imagined he held some place there; and on asking a friend who was with him, what office that gentleman might have; Why, Sir, replied the other, that gentleman at present fills the honourable post of rat-catcher in chief to the royal family; it is his duty to destroy all the *vermin* that infest the court, and for which he hath an appointed salary of fifty pounds a year. *By the L--d*, exclaimed the other, *he'd deserve fifty thousand if he was to do his business effectually.*

Amongst the many wonderful modern inventions, there is one of a very extraordinary nature. A woman has found out the art of *laying eggs*; as any one may satisfy himself by taking a walk to Whitechapel, where he will find a board over a door with this inscription:

Fresh butter every day,
And Eggs new laid BY ME,

Anne Johnson.

On the FIRST PAIR. An EPIGRAM.

ADAM alone could not be easy;
 So he must have a wife, an' please ye.
 And how did he procure this wife,
 To cheer his solitary life?

Out of a rib, Sir, from his side,
 Was form'd this necessary bride:
 But how did he the pain beguile?
 How? --- He slept sweetly all the while.

And when this rib was re-apply'd,
 In woman's form to Adam's side;
 How then I pray you, did it answer?
 "He never slept so sweet again, Sir."

The CHOICE. An EPIGRAM.

THREE nymphs who display'd beauties almost divine,
 Once caught ravish'd Thomas's eye;
 "Which, said Thomas's friend, would'st thou pitch on
 for thine?"

Thomas *archly* made him this reply:
 "Since to Paris's judgment, as fam'd poets tell us,
 Troy ow'd it's deplorable fall,
 And since of her beauty each fair one is jealous,
 To make sure, I wou'd e'en chuse 'em all."

*The exact Copy of an EPITAPH in the Church-Yard at
Andover in Hampshire.*

HERE lies father and mother and I,
 Who all dy'd in the space of one short year;
 They all lies buried at Wimple in this county,
 Except I, --- and I lies buried here.

*Another against the back of the chancel in Southampton
Church-Yard.*

UNDER this stone
 Doth lie old Joan;
 Who not caring to lie alone,
 Sav'd a little money, to buy her a head stone.

A subscription was once proposed to strike a medal in honour of the recovery of the prince of Orange by the Bath waters; application was accordingly made to an eminent artist for a design; which was executed, and shewn to many of the nobility and gentry. Most of them thought it out of character, and ill executed: but, as they were divided in their opinion, it was referred to Mr. Nash, the master of the ceremonies; and the gentleman who carried it to him delivered it in a passion, and said it was a pick-pocket piece of work. *Don't be angry*, said Mr. Nash, looking at the piece, *don't be angry, Sir; the man may in all probability be a very honest man, as it is absolutely clear he is no designer.*

A captain of a man of war had got a circle round him in one of the rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful phænomenon which he had seen at sea: When looking round, and perceiving a gentleman laugh, he grew angry, and said, "You don't believe me then, Sir?" "Why, Sir, says the gentleman, did you see it?" "Yes, I did," answered he. *Well, if you saw it*, said the gentleman, *I will believe it; but I would not if I had seen it myself.*

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steel, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, *Faith*, said the knight, *I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

A judge upon the bench asked an old man what age he was? I am eight and fourscore, my lord, says he; and why not fourscore and eight, says the judge; because, says he, I was *eight* before I was *fourscore*.

A dog coming open mouthed at a serjeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat, and killed him. The owner coming out, raved extremely that his dog was killed, and asked the serjeant, "Why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert?" *So I would*, said he, *if he had made at me with his tail.*

To the LADIES on the present fashions.

IF our grandames of old,
From their graves could behold
How their daughters like mad-women dress,
As they lie in their tombs,
They'd repent that their wombs
Ever bore such a whimsical race.

An EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heav'n?
There are no women, he reply'd.
She quick return'd the jest ---
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

Wrote by a Boy, on his sister's breaking a drinking-glass.

SEE! sister, in this shatter'd glass,
The fate of many a pretty lass,
Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,
Is apt to slip, is apt to break:
Therefore, guide every step with caution,
For just like glass is reputation;
Both broke to pieces in once falling,
For ever lost, and past recalling.

*EPIGRAM on Peter Dubois's scheme of an engine
to shave five hundred persons at a time in the space
of a minute; and afterwards comb, oil and powder
their wigs, by a second motion, in the like space.*

IN company, late, an odd scheme was declar'd,
For five hundred, at once, of the shaving the beard.
But, why should this raise in ye such admiration?
There's a place, where, at once, they clean shave --- a
whole nation.

EPI-

Lord Chancellor Moore preserved in a manner peculiar to himself, even to his very last moments, that wit and humour for which he was so justly famed and admired, as many proofs might be brought in support of this assertion ; but amongst them none stronger than the following, which is as certain as it is extraordinary. After he had been on the scaffold on Tower-hill for some time, which he had made the proper use of to prepare himself for the death he was going to suffer ; and now, being ready to submit himself to the fatal stroke, the executioner, as was customary at that time, in a decent manner craved leave to acquaint him, that he claimed his upper garment as the lawful fee of his office in such cases. *Oh, by all means, quoth Sir Thomas, my good friend, by all means : Heaven forbid that any Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, should leave the world with the character of having wittingly infringed on any of the rights and liberties of the meanest of his fellow subjects. You demand as your right my upper garment --- there, my friend, there is your right, my night cap, which is indisputably my upper garment.*

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-Buildings, which he intended for public orations, and being pretty much behind-hand with his workmen, coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *rostrum*, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard : the fellow mounted, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. *Oh ! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why then, Sir Richard, says the fellow, we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money : Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us ? --- Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject.*

Godfrey of Bulloign, being perswaded to be crowned king of Jerusalem in Palestine. He replied, *He would never wear a crown of gold, where his Lord and Master had worn a crown of thorns.*

Solon

EPIGRAM *on the* DUELLISTS.

THE prating, playful, little Dicky slain ?
 O, no ! my lord and Dicky did but feign ;
 Doubting three weeks, if 'twould be wrong or right,
 At last they did, as 'twere agree to fight.
 And, 'tis a wonderful account, but true,
 They met, they talk'd, they drew, and then withdrew.

EPIGRAM *on the* MODERN MISSES.

IN our forefather's stupid days, the name
 Of *Miss*, at twenty was exchang'd for *Dame* :
 But these wise times to compliment exhort ye ;
 Our modern *misses* are full nine and forty.

On a certain OFFICER *much afflicted with the*
Gout.

BOLD captain D---, a mighty man of war,
 Who loves to see the enemy from far,
 In action once, and in a desperate place,
 Shew'd signs of abject fear, in limbs and face :
 " Not, said he, that I dread, or sword, or gun,
 But, s'blood I'm lame, you see, and cannot run.

On a certain Stage HERO.

LO, where the vile and awkward monarch comes,
 Usher'd by trumpets, and the beat of drums ;
 The plumes around his head, with martial pride
 Wave, as he reels about from side to side :
 Bold in the stage's front he claims a place,
 And into posture writhes a dismal face.
 As from a distant cart, a pond'rous load
 Of stones, prepar'd to mend a rugged road,
 With inarticulate and dreadful sound,
 Our ears invading, rumble to the ground ;
 So from his lips a charge important breaks,
 And the scar'd audience tremble as he speaks.

On

Solon, the Athenian sage, on a time paid a visit to Thales, the Milesian, a man equally famous for his great wisdom and philosophy. In discourse, the former expressed himself with wonder, that the latter had not been desirous of the comforts that attend the possession of a wife and children. To this Thales made no reply for the present: but a few days after he contrived, that a stranger should come into their company, and pretend that he was just arrived from Athens, from whence he had set out about ten days before. Solon, hearing the stranger say this, asked him, if there was no news at Athens when he came away. The stranger, who had been taught his lesson, replied, that he had heard of nothing but the death of a young gentleman, whom all the town accompanied to the grave; because, as they said, he was the son of the worthiest man in the city, who was then absent; alas! cried Solon, interrupting the man's story, how much is the poor father of the youth to be pitied! but pray, what is the gentleman's name? I heard his name, replied the stranger, but I have forgot it. I only remember, that people talked much of his wisdom and justice. Every answer afforded new matter of trouble and terror to this inquisitive father, who was so justly alarmed. Was it, says he, the son of Solon? The very same, replied the stranger. Solon at these words rent his cloaths, and beat his breast, and expressing his sorrow by tears and groans, abandoned himself to the most sensible affliction. Thales seeing this, took him by the hand, and said to him, with a smile, *Comfort yourself, my friend, all that has been told you is a meer fiction. Now you see the reason why I never married, it is because I don't care to expose myself to such trials and afflictions.*

Two riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller ride softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him, so one went on one side of him, and t'other on the other side, saying, Miller, now tell us, which art thou, more knave or fool; *Truly*, said he, *I don't know which I am most, but I guess I am between both.*

On a profuse nobleman, and Sir JOHN CUTLER, a notorious miser.

HIS grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well, he thought, advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse?
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?

EPIGRAM *on the great intimacy between the
Lord BOLINGBROKE and Mr. POPE.*

ST. JOHN, a quondam statesman, out of place,
Makes punch for Pope, nor thinks it a disgrace.
In mingling punch, St. John must needs have merit,
He never us'd one drop of British spirit.

EPITAPH *on GENERAL WOLFE.*

*As it is inscribed on a plain book of white marble, in the
parish church of Westerham, in Kent, erected at the
expence of the parishioners.*

J A M E S,
SON of Col. Edward Wolf, and Henrietta his
Wife,

Was born in this parish January 2,

1727,

And died in America,

1759,

Conqueror of Quebec.

Whilst George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the list of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year,
Struck with thy fall, we shed a general tear,
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honours date our own.

*I Decus, I Nostrum!
Written*

A fidler and his wife, who had rubbed through life as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well; one day happened to have a dispute, which was conducted with a becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure she was right; and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case? the quarrel grew worse by their explanations, and at last their fury rose to such a pitch, that each made a vow never to sleep in the same bed for the future. This was the most rash vow that could be imagined; for they were still friends at bottom, and besides they had but one bed in the house: however, resolved they were to go through with it; and, as they had not separate beds, at night the fiddle-case was laid between them, in order to make a separation. In this manner they continued for three weeks; every night the fiddle-case being placed as a barrier to divide them. By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow, their resentment was at an end, and their love began to return; they wished the fiddle-case away, but both had too much spirit to submit. One night, however, as they were both lying awake, with the detested fiddle-case between them, the husband happened to sneeze; to this the wife, as is usual in such cases, bid God bless him: *Ay, but,* replied the husband, *Giles, do you say that from your heart? Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas,* cries his wife; *I say it with all my heart. If so,* then says the husband, *I fancy we had as good remove the fiddle-case.*

A Gentleman proposed at a certain nobleman's table, to run with one of the company then present once round his lordship's gardens, that were pretty extensive, for three dozen of Champagne, which was agreed to by the other. As they were walking towards the spot from whence they were to start, the gentleman who first mentioned the bet, told my lord in a whisper, that he thought he should lose from his shortness of breath. *That can't be, captain,* said my lord, *if Bob Cornthwait, the taylor, speaks truth; for he has told me several times, that you are as long winded a man as ever he knew in his life.*

Written (extempore) and left in a church, where the minister had delivered a very short and indifferent discourse.

TAKE my advice, good parson, pray,
Before you preach another day;
Glean, and compile (if you can't make)
A longer sermon, for God's sake,
And better too, when you're about it,
Or I'd much rather be without it.

On a beautiful CHILD, who lost his fight in the
SMALL-POX.

'T WAS sure by Providence design'd,
Rather in mercy than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

EPIGRAM *on the late queen CAROLINE'S*
erecting the bustos in the Hermitage at Richmond.

LOUIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Caroline, frugal of her meat,
Raises the heads that cannot eat.

On an ancient COQUET, who was known to paint.

LUCINDA's charms inspire my lays,
Who fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glassenbury thorn.

Lucinda, cruel at fourscore,
Like bards in modern plays;
Four acts of life pass'd guiltless o'er,
And in the fifth she slays.

If e'er impatient of the bliss,
Into her arms you fall,
The plaister'd nymph returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe, thro' a wall.

A fellow who was tried for his life a considerable time after king Charles the second's restoration, being cast and condemned, after having given the court and the jury a vast deal of unnecessary trouble, and finding all his arguments unavailing, *Well, my lord, said he, since I perceive that all I can say, and all my counsel have pleaded in my behalf, is of no effect, and that I must absolutely be hanged, I shall only beg one indulgence of your lordship, and that is, to recommend it to his majesty, that I may be hanged as Oliver was, three or four years after I am dead.*

An Englishman and a Welshman were bragging of their country; the Englishman said, There was a close where he was born, which bore such high grass, that if a cudgel were thrown into it over night, it would be so hid with grass, that it could hardly be found next morning: *Pub! says the Welshman, there is a close near the town where I was born, into which, if you put your horse, you shan't see an ear in the morning.*

A French doctor asked a waterman whether he might safely go by water over the river; the fellow told him, Yes: but the doctor coming to the water-side, and finding it very rough, said, You watermen are the veriest knaves in the world, for to gain six-pence you care not to cast a man away. *Sir, said the waterman, we are men of a cheaper function, and don't ask so much for casting men away as you do.*

An author who had no great reason to be very, fond of the late satirist, Mr. Charles Churchill was asked one day in a coffee-house, by a gentleman who was a stranger to their private picques, whether he did not think such a poem of Mr. Churchill's very fine? to which the other replied, after some hesitation, Yes, I do. Ay, but, return'd the gentleman, repeating some of the lines contained it, do not you think it exquisitely fine? don't it beat every thing? Come, let me ask you now ingenuously, and pray resolve me candidly, to the best of your judgment, do you imagine there is a man in England could write as well upon the same subject? *Ay, upon my honor, replied the other, with a sarcastical sneer, many men, many women, ay, and many children, Sir.*

On the DEATH of Mr. RYAN.

LO! Ryan, long the fav'rite of the age,
 Expires, and proves that all the world's a stage.
 In ev'ry station mortals here below,
 Alike their entrances and exits know;
 And tho' distinctions on their life attend,
 The great and mean resemble in their end.
 Upon this earthly stage each plays his part,
 How great imports not, so 'tis play'd with art.
 This actor oft the sock and buskin wore,
 And gain'd applause; but now he's heard no more,
 Out! out brief candle! life's a walking shade;
 In vain was all his mimic art display'd.
 Power cannot rescue, talents cannot save
 The hero, or the player from the grave.
 Mortals are thus the phantom of a day,
 And life a transient dream or motley play.
 Yet sure, for him, a grateful tear should flow,
 Who oft has made us weep for others woe:
 He claims our grief, who taught us virtue's lore;
 Now mix'd with heros whom he play'd before.
 The cloud-capp'd towers and palaces must fail;
 Time's power o'er potent kingdoms shall prevail:
 The solemn temples shall dissolve in dust,
 And, frail like man, shall sink the mould'ring bust:
 But when life's breath is fled, the virt'ous mind,
 Shall leave the memory of it's worth behind:
 Who well has acted, and at length withdraws,
 May justly claim the tribute of applause.

On the tomb-stone of an acquaintance.

EARLY dismiss'd from anxious busy life,
 Here sleeps the mate of a lamenting wife;
 Husband affectionate, and friend sincere;
 To all who knew, inestimably dear:
 What tho' no gaudy 'scutcheon grac'd his hearse,
 Or tomb his memory gilds with lofty verse;
 Plain truths require but little aid from art,
 When parents speak in bitterness of Heart.

As Mencius the philosopher was travelling in pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was staying (while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude still more hideous) he perceived a hermit's cell, and approaching, asked for shelter. 'Enter,' cries the hermit in a severe tone; 'men deserve not to be obliged; but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue.'

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, whose actions taught the truest lessons of wisdom. 'Mention not the name of man,' cried the hermit with indignation; 'here let me live retired from a base ungrateful world; here in the forest, I shall find no flatterers: the lion is an open enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile while he presents it.' 'You have then been used ill by mankind,' interrupted the philosopher drily. 'Yes,' returned the hermit, 'on mankind I have exhausted my whole fortune; and this staff, and that cup, and those roots, are all that I have in return.' 'Did you bestow your fortune among them, or did you only lend it?' returned Mencius. 'I bestowed it, undoubtedly,' replied the other; 'for where were the merit of a money-lender?' 'Did they ever own that they received your benefits?' still adds the philosopher. 'A thousand times,' cries the hermit; 'they every day loaded me with professions of gratitude for favors received, and solicitations for future.' 'If then,' says Mencius smiling, 'you did not lend your fortune in order to have it returned, it is injustice to accuse them of ingratitude: they owned themselves obliged; and you expected no more:' to which the hermit, struck with the reply, said, '*I have heard of the great Mencius, and thou certainly art the man: I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom; take me back to the world, and educate me as one of the most ignorant and youngest of thy disciples.*'

*The EPITAPH of MARGERY SCOTT,
who died at Dunkeld in Scotland.*

STOP, passenger, until my life you read;
The living may get knowledge from the dead:
Five times five years I led a virgin life;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste;
--- Now tir'd of this mortal life, I rest.
Between my cradle and my grave, hath been
Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and a queen;
Four times five years a common-wealth I saw;
Ten times the subjects rose against the law.
'Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down;
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown:
An end of Stuart's race, --- I say no more, ---
I saw my country sold for English ore.
Such desolation in my time hath been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

To a LADY with a present of fruit.

THO' the peach and the plumb with Apollo conspire,
To present you their softness, and sweetness, and fire,
Their aid is in vain, for say, what can they do,
But blush, and confess themselves vanquish'd by you;
Where virtue and wit, with such qualities blend,
What mortal, what goddess would dare to contend?

On being expelled a LADY's company.

THUS Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n:
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for angels drive us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine staid behind.

On MONEY. An EPIGRAM.

MONEY, 'tis said, is *evil's root*,
Yet justly may we doubt it;
Can we expect good thriving fruit,
From any *stock* without it?

One Lacey, a young promising actor, who belonged, at the time of Mr. Garrick's first appearing at Drury-Lane, to Covent-Garden, and as Lacey affected to mimic him in action, speech and every thing else, one night, when the play of Cato was to be performed, in which he was to represent Marcus, he was standing by the side of the scene ready to go on, in a new bag front wig, made by Mr. Garrick's peruke-maker, directly after his model, and frosted like a twelfth-cake, which Mr. Quin observing, sent one of the scenemen round with his compliments to Mr. Lacey, and to tell him, that he had forgot himself, and had come down stairs in his night cap; but that he need not throw himself into a flutter, for he had time enough to put on his wig before he should be wanted to go on the stage. The fellow returned with Mr. Lacey's compliments again to Mr. Quin, and that Mr. Lacey was obliged for his caution to him; but that it was a mistake, it was no night cap, but a new wig he had on. *Hum! is it so,* said Mr. Quin, *my eyes are not the better for sixty years wear, to be sure; but if it be a wig, as you say it is, by the L--d, it is the most ridiculous one, and the most like a night cap of any wig I ever saw in my life.*

A worthy man, who had been a lieutenant in a marching regiment eighteen years, meeting an old acquaintance one day, was asked by him, if he was still in the same post? Yes, said the other, I'm still a lieutenant. And do you ever hope to rise? said the other. Yes, said the foldier. But when? said the querist. *At doom-day,* said the swordsmen, *when every body else rises.*

One said a covetous man was never satisfied; because he thinks nothing enough: *Why then,* says another, *he is satisfied with the least, if nothing be enough for him.*

When Metellus Nepos asked Cicero, the Roman orator, in a scoffing way, who was his father? he replied, *Thy mother hath made that question harder for thee to answer.*

One asked, Why they sooner gave to beggars than scholars; another reply'd, *Because they think they may sooner become beggars than scholars.*

EPIGRAM *on the French King.*

LEWIS told his confessor at shrift t'other day,
 " When the cards run so cross it is time to leave play.
 At home and abroad by good fortune forsaken,
 My fleets are destroy'd, and my fortresses taken :
French glory a term of derision is grown ;
 My subjects are starving ; my credit is blown.
 The nation no longer in vain I will fleece,
 But indulge it once more with blessings of peace :
 For my conscience declares that my people I wrong,
 While I seek an unfortunate war to prolong."
 The ghastly director surpriz'd and aghast,
 Made the sign of the cross on his forehead in haste.
 " Remember, he cry'd, the church is your mother,
 What ! peace with the litter of Calvin and Luther.
 'Tis the devil, my liege, who those scruples divideth,
 Whom the Lord loveth best he severely chastiseth ;
 And for ev'ry disaster inflicted by heaven,
 A long score of sins is wip'd off and forgiven."
 Said the king, " Then the clergy must sure go to hell :
 For they at all junctures live happy and well.
 For the sake of your souls you must suffer some hardship ;
 Each opulent abbey shall part with a lordship*.

* *Note, There is hardly an abbey or convent in France, but what enjoys divers seigneuries, or lordships.*

On the derivation of the word NEWS.

THE word explains itself without the muse,
 And the four letters speak whence comes the news,
 From *north, east, west, south*, the solution's made,
 Each quarter gives account of *war and trade*.

On a foolish KNIGHT.

SIR Toby round his hall hangs all things odd,
 An embalm'd pismire, and a straw-stuff'd cod,
 Alike to things antique his taste inclines,
 Old *Roman shields, maim'd heads, and rusty coins* ;
 But if the *oldest, oddest* thing in life,
 To these you'd hang, Sir Toby, *hang your wife*.

A stewardship being vacant in a certain dutchess dowager's family, that was reckoned a very lucrative employment, two gentlemen, who both lived in the same town, at the distance of above one hundred miles from London, the one James Skinnum, Esq; attorney at law, and the other Mr. Peter Dulman, apothecary, both of equal interest in the family, had each of them a violent inclination to fill up the vacancy, but mutual jealousy had prevented the communication of their designs to each other. One very lucky circumstance attended the affair in favour of the apothecary, which was, that the attorney, at the time of the news arriving of the demise of the late steward, kept his bed in a violent fever, and had a blister on each shoulder. The doctor himself carried the relation to him, but did not mention a word of his design to set out immediately, to endeavour at the procuration of the place. The attorney, notwithstanding, suspected somewhat of the matter from being well acquainted with his neighbor's cunning disposition, and was therefore determined to be beforehand with him, if possible. In consequence of this resolution, as soon as the doctor's back was turned, he whipt out of bed, called for his boots, and in spite of his indisposition, set out post for London, and arriving there some hours before the apothecary, without any delay, went to the dutchess's, petitioned for the place, and got her grace's promise of it. After he had taken his leave, returning very calmly down Upper Brook-street, who should he meet but his antagonist, the doctor, who, not a little surprized, demanded of him the reason for having risked his life in so extraordinary a manner? Why, replied the attorney, as you was so kind to bring me the news of Mr. Morris's death, I was willing to put in for the stewardship in time, as I perfectly know the value of it. And have you been with my lady dowager? cried the doctor. Yes, faith have I, doctor, replied the lawyer, and have got the grant of it. Well, but, but--- Doctor, said the lawyer, (interrupting him,) do you ever read the scriptures? Ay, to be sure, quoth the doctor in a pet. Because, said the lawyer, if you do, you may remember a passage which saith, *The other disciple outran Peter.* A

*On a certain bishop's preaching before a most noble and
polite congregation.*

HIS grace, late before the nobility preaching,
Scarce quoted a text in the course of his teaching;
Yet still from all clergymen bears he the bays,
All praise high the doctor, who preach'd all their praise.
Not one titl'd numskull was noted to nod,
So much a man's word was beyond that of God.

To an old ATHEIST.

IN youth by nature folly's path you trod,
In age, by will, a rebel to your God;
Thus ever wrong, thy day of life has been,
A morn of folly, and an eve of sin:
Why then, vain hoary wretch, to reason lost,
Dost thou thy reason, and thy wisdom boast?
The powers of dullness, strong in thee are met,
To rise in darkness, and in darkness set.

On a free BENEFIT given at Drury-Lane to one in distress.

UNASK'D, the pitying players grant,
Their charity to worth in want:
So cheap will lawyers plead its cause,
Or priests deserve the like applause?
Never while riches blind their eyes,
And supercede all nature's ties;
Never, till truth and reason reign,
And true religion live again.

E P I G R A M.

TWO states wage war, of whom, (if you can trust,
Their own accounts) each cause is strictly just:
Till with hir'd force auxiliar, one supply'd,
Victorious, proves itself the juster side:
In senate thus, with oratorical rage,
When different parties zealously engage,
Wrong to support the plainest reason fails,
And right, by mercenary votes prevails.

TRUE

A woman, whose husband was to be hanged, the night before he was to die, went to the sheriff, and desired him to stand her friend. Good woman, says he, your husband must die: says she, Sir, *I don't come to desire his life, but desire he may be the first hanged in the morning, because I have a great way to go, and my mare is old and lame.*

A gentleman would often be drunk, and then he would kick his man extremely; he also took much tobacco, and great store of coltsfoot in it, which, when he was sober, induced his man to tell him, *That he thought the cause of his much kicking, was by taking so much coltsfoot among his tobacco.*

A Jew brought the picture of St. John Baptist, curiously wrought in silver, to Alphonso, king of Spain, demanding five hundred pounds for it; to whom the king wisely replied, Pray, Signor Jew, how long have you been a Christian? You that crucified the teacher, shall now set so great a value on the disciple? Do not you remember your predecessors gave but thirty pence for our saviour, who was the master; *and will you have five hundred pounds for the servant? Is the servant above his lord?*

A notorious rogue, being at the bar, said he would swear the peace against the judge; being asked the reason, *Because,* said he, *I go in danger of my life.*

Two welchmen coming into a hall at a country assizes, and seeing the judge upon the bench, says one to the other, at the same time pointing to old gravity, What is that in her cown, and her pelt, and her plac cap? Why, answer'd the other, *it is an old woman that does to sleep on the bench, and then tells the shewry her dream.*

A certain nobleman sold a gentleman a horse for a good round sum, which he took upon his lordship's word, that he had no fault. About three weeks after, he met my lord; why your lordship told me, says he, that your horse had no fault, and he is blind of an eye. *Well, Sir,* said my lord, *that is no fault, it is indeed a misfortune.*

I see

TRUE HAPPINESS.

THESE are the things which once possess'd,
 Will make a life that's truly bless'd ;
 A good estate on healthy soil,
 Not got by vice, nor yet by toil ;
 Round a warm fire, a pleasant joke,
 With chimney ever free from smoke ;
 A strength entire, a sparkling bowl,
 A quiet wife, a quiet soul,
 A mind as well as body whole ;
 Prudent simplicity, and constant friends,
 A diet which no art commends,
 A merry night, without much drinking,
 A happy thought, without much thinking ;
 Each night by quiet sleeps made short,
 A will to be but what thou art :
 Possess'd of these, all else defy,
 And neither wish, nor fear to die.
 These are things, which once possess'd,
 Will make a life completely bless'd.

E P I G R A M.

SEE capuchin'd Poll, whips away to the park,
 And cries for a Venus I'll pass in the dark.
 With a fine *trollopee*, and a soft soothing tale,
 She's conscious coarse features may sometimes prevail.
 She's cunning enough, thus to wound in the night,
 Since her face would strike dead, if reveal'd in the light.

E P I G R A M.

JACOB's a cunning cit, a niggard elf,
 Keeps all his goods and chattels to himself,
 His meat, his wine, his wisdom and his pelf,
 Thus he ill-natur'd seems ; yet for his friends
 He something has that still can make amends.
 For his brisk wife, with better humours fraught,
 As he does all things, will deny us nought.

I see you do all under colour, says the glazier to the painter, (seeing him daubing some iron rails,) *Go your way for a rogue,* replies the other, *you are always picking of quarrel.*

A German duke had drank very hard one day, which made him crop-sick the next: His fool coming to him, ask'd him how he did? he told him he had made himself sick with drinking too much the day before; Puh, says the fool, if that be all, I'll undertake your cure, which is only this, to take a hair of the same dog, by drinking again the next day, and so continue it for a week together: Well, said the duke, and what then? What then? said the fool, *Why, then you'll be as great a fool as I am.*

A philosopher being asked by a person who was the most unhappy of all men? answered, *he who thinks himself so.*

A man being demanded of his neighbour, how his sick wife did, made this answer: *Indeed, neighbour, our case is very hard, I do assure you it is; my wife is terribly afraid she shall die, and I am as horribly perplexed for fear she should not; it is a most melancholy house between us.*

A good honest sober clergyman in the country, taking it upon him one day to chide a married couple, who did not live so harmoniously together as they should, among other reproofs told them, how indecent a thing it was in the eyes and ears of their neighbourhood, and even sinful too to be for ever contending with each other, as upon good information he had heard they were, when in the judgment of God and man they were but one. --- *But one, Sir,* exclaimed the husband, *s'heart alive, if you were to come by the door, and hear Peg and I at it once, if you did not swear there were twenty, I'd be bound to be hang'd for it.*

A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he assured them, he should not have done it, *but for seven reasons.* Being asked what they were, he answered, *A wife and seven children.*

King

Verses to a YOUNG LADY by a king's scholar.

POLLY, from me, though now a love-sick youth,
 Nay, tho' a poet, hear the voice of truth !
 Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty,
 So grave, yet gay ; so filly, yet so witty ;
 A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire ;
 You've cruelty, yet e'en in that good nature.
 Now you are free, and now reserv'd a while ;
 Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
 Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd ;
 My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
 How would you praise me, should your sex defame !
 Yet should they praise, grow jealous and exclaim.
 If I despair, with some kind look you bless ;
 But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
 You scorn ; yet should my passion change or fail,
 Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
 You love ; yet from your lover's wish retire,
 Doubt, yet discern ; deny, and yet desire.
 Such Polly are your sex, part truth, part fiction,
 Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

EPITAPH on a Black-smith, wrote by himself.

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
 My bellows have quite lost their wind,
 My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
 My vice is in the dust all laid,
 My coal is spent, my iron gone,
 My nails are drove, my work is done,
 My fire-dry'd corpse, lies here at rest,
 My soul, smoak like, is soaring to be blest.

To a young lady of the name of PEPPER.

PEPPER ! you coldest hearts can warm,
 The strongest arms subdue ;
 For Armstrong swears there is no harm,
 In wedlock, link'd with you.

King John walking one day in the fields without any attendance, sees an old man digging in the earth; says the king, God bless your labour in the earth; says the labourer, And you also, governor of the earth. Why so? says the king. Because, says the labourer, he that made the earth for the use of man, made him also governor of it. Says the king we have had much snow upon the mountains; Time will have it so, says the labourer. The king much pleased with his answers, asked him what he got by the day? Eight-pence, says he; That won't keep thee alive, says the king: Yes, says the labourer, for I spend but two-pence, to maintain my wife and myself; two-pence towards my debts; two-pence I lend, and two-pence I give away. How canst thou do this? says the king. He replied, I have answered you as to one two-pence, to maintain me and my wife; the next two-pence I allow an aged father and mother, which is a just debt; a third two-pence I lend to some young children I have, whom I expect the same from, when I am past my labour; and the last two-pence goes towards the maintenance of two daughters, which I account given away. The king being satisfied with his answers, enjoined him not to discover to any one the discourse till he saw his face again. The king being returned, he started the question to some of his nobles, how any man who got eight-pence a day, could live upon two-pence, pay two-pence debt, and lend two-pence, and give away two-pence? and gave him three days to answer it. They being surprized at the question, concluded the king must meet with some poor man: upon enquiry, they found it to be so, and discoursed with the man, but he would not resolve them of the particulars; till at last they brought him a great sum of money, both gold and silver, having the king's stamp, then he told them. The king understood that the labourer had told, went and reproved him sharply, for disclosing it to any before he had seen his face: *That is your mistake, says the poor man, for I refused to tell them before they shew'd me your face, and not only one, but a great many of your faces.*

On a YOUNG LADY.

EARLY this morn, (a time to muses kind)
 Willing to draw one woman to my mind,
 Wise without pride, without coquetting fair,
 Chaste as the unblown rose, yet free as air;
 In language easy, in her temper sweet,
 And moderately learn'd, and simply neat:
 Who ne'er one step from virtue's path hath trod,
 True to her friend, but truer to her God.
 But when I on the picture thought, I cry'd,
 'None such can be:' and flung my pen aside. —
 My muse then kindly whisper'd — 'Such can be;'
 Bade me Clarinda write, and that was she.

To the same. Both written by a School-boy.

WHEN poets of old had a mind to rehearse,
 A Phillis, or Chloe, in amorous verse,
 In slight borrow'd beauties the fair one must shine,
 And nature be rish'd to make her divine;
 The lilies must on her their whiteness bestow,
 The pink must be robb'd of its beautiful glow;
 Unto her the vi'let its sweetness must yield,
 With the rose, and each flower that decks out the field.
 But when you, my Delia, I study to praise,
 Your charms are sufficient to set off my lays;
 No need of the lily, pink, vi'let, or rose,
 As you're sweeter than these, so you're fairer than those.

EPIGRAM *on* PRIOR, POPE, and CIBBER.

A PRIOR possess'd the poetical chair,
 With fame, and much merit for many a year;
 Till Pope started up, in a true Roman rage,
 And knock'd down the Prior with one single page;
 By the force of his wit he's infallible grown,
 And all men subscribe to his judgment alone.
 Take care then, poor poets, whatever you do,
 For in shoals and in swarms to the Dunciad you go,
 If cardinal Cibber won't give him a blow.
 Sure no man's so fit, if all's true that is said,
 That his words, and his blows are as heavy as lead.

A common beggar accosting Monsr. Moliere, the great French comic poet, for charity in the streets of Paris, he gave him either through a real mistake, or great absence of mind, a Louis d'or, in the stead of a piece of less value. The poor man as soon as he perceived it, hobbled after him, and told him of it; on which Monsr. Moliere returned it to him with an other of the same sort, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, *Good God! how little nice virtue is in her lodgings.*

A gentleman (of which dainty kind we have too many in England) who doted on every thing except the product of his own country, and was a vast admirer of hard names, dining one day at a friend's house, asked how that wine was called, of which he had just tasted a glass: his friend well knowing that it was but very indifferent, and having made a purchase of it some two or three days before at Stocks-market, told him that he could absolutely vouch for its being as prime Stoko Marketto, as ever was imported. *Ah*, cried the other, *I thought as much, it is of a most delicious flavour; this is the wine I have been hunting after, Sir, this many a day; if your merchant has twenty pipes, and will spare them, I will be his chap for 'em all, at an hour's warning.*

A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called to his coach-man, who had been an old servant, and said, "Ah! Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, far worse than ever you drove me." *Never seem to mind it, master*, said the fellow, *it is all down hill.*

A clergyman and an attorney were discoursing once together, on account of a murder that had been perpetrated in the West, and remained at that time undiscovered, which was a long while after it had been committed. I do not know how to account for it, doctor, said the attorney, you gentlemen of the cloth are for ever preaching against sin and wickedness of all sorts, and yet (tho' it be amazing) the devil still continues, too powerful for you. *I grant it*, replied the doctor, *he doth so, and I make no marvel about the matter, since it is a known fact that the lawyers are all of his side.*

EPITAPH on Lady M—— W—— M——'s Lap-
dog, *supposed to be written by herself.*

PASSENGER (if haply thou can'st read) thou'lt find
Here lies the fairest of the speechless kind;
Descended from an ancient noble race
Of ladies lap-dogs in their ladies' grace.
Miss Florimel, (that was the lady's name)
From Nature's hand receiv'd a comely frame;
Long ears, bright eyes, a short and dimpl'd nose,
A robe of ermin, spotted, silken hose, }
With all that beauty on a dog bestows.
Her acting principle, think what you please on,
At least 'twas next to, if it was not reason.
This I'll affirm, were all dumb brutes like her,
To most that talk, the silent I'd prefer.
Was she, because she never spoke, a brute?
How many would appear less such, if mute!
Brute as she was, her actions yet were such,
As to most men might be a warm reproach.
No trust she e'er betray'd, no friend forgot;
Nor fawn'd on persons when she lik'd 'em not.
Choice made her live twelve moons twice told a maid;
Obedience made her change her state, and wed.
Then phoenix like, she yields her latest breath,
To make way for her second self by death.
Who but must weep the loss of Florimel,
That for her species' sake thus greatly fell?

*On a young Lady's telling a Gentleman his Fortune on
the Cards.*

IN mystic leaves, while Anna deals my fate,
And gives me joys of wedlock, wealth, and state:
Her wit and beauty, innocence and art,
Ravish my soul, and rob me of my heart!
My hopes and bliss in her alone remain,
I scorn the world, my sybil to obtain.
Cassandra thus the fate of Troy fore-shew'd,
And raging flames her flying words pursu'd.

One of the inferior actors at Drury-lane, rehearsing his part, either through dulness or carelessness, in a manner that Mr. Garrick disapproved of, he told him in a pet, that he was not fit to carry guts to a bear. After the rehearsal was over, the actor who had been thus checked, goes to a very famous sausage shop, and buys a pound; and bringing them in his pocket to the theatre at night, took an opportunity when Mr. Garrick was present in the little green room, to ask Ned Berry, a brother actor, who was remarkably corpulent and an epicure, whether he loved good sausages? if they are of the right sort, replied Ned, I don't know any thing I like better: There then, said he, producing them, they came from such a shop, I bought two pounds, and reserved one of 'em for you, as I know you are puny stomached, and such a thing coming unawares I thought might possibly go 'down. Berry received the sausages with great pleasure; when the other, turning round to Mr. Garrick, *There, Sir,* said he, *in the morning you was genteel enough to tell me, that I was not fit to carry guts to a bear; it has cost me eight-pence, to make you retract your opinion, and I hope I have not laid out my money to no purpose.*

A bishop having, in a grave subject of divinity, sprinkled many witty ornaments of learning; king James told him, they were like the blue, yellow, and red flowers in corn; which made a pleasant shew, *but hurt the grain.*

Sir Thomas More, on the day he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him because his hair was long; which it was thought would make him more commiserated by the people. The barber asked him, Whether he would be trimmed? *In good faith, honest fellow,* said Sir Thomas, *the king and I have a suit for my head, and till the title be cleared, I will bestow no cost upon it.*

A person was advised to venture something in a lottery. Not I, says he, for none has luck in it but rank cuckholds. *Come, come,* said his wife, who was standing by, *pray, my dear, venture something; for I am sure, you will have very good luck.*

On the Folly of ATHEISM.

HOW weak the atheists arguments, how odd,
 Who to be happy first denies a God.
 So inconsistent, and his folly such,
 He trusts too little, while he trusts too much.
 A fee profess to God Almighty's laws,
 Yet a blind bigot in the devil's cause.
 A hint there is a God, raises a doubt,
 And prejudice puts weaker reason out :
 Of reason proud, by passion rul'd alone,
 And, 'cause he'd have no God, concludes there's none,
 Thinks chance with blind effect nice order brings,
 And harmony from wild confusion springs;
 Springs of itself — for all spontaneous grow,
 And the created are creators too.
 Then immortality he'll disbelieve,
 Yet starts to think he cannot always live ;
 Dreading it true, a future state denies,
 And while he laughs at death, with fear he dies ;
 Despairing launches to some future state,
 Repents his folly, but repents too late.

EPIGRAM *on a scribbling School-master, possessed of
 neither spirit or genius.*

YOUR scholars want the whip ; I sha'nt demur ;
 Yet not so much as master wants the spur.

On the same, having rotten Teeth.

A MASTIFF's teeth are justly held in vogue,
 They burnish paper, or they bite a rogue ;
 To neither use thy tusks contribute right,
 Too rough to polish, and too blunt to bite.

On seeing a Woman thresh her Husband.

THE rib which Adam lost to form his bride,
 Sticks closer now than ever to his side.
 In vain the sacred writ bid woman bow,
 Alas ! his rib is his rib-roaster now.

Write

A certain clergyman in the West was requested by another, to preach for him at a little village about eight or nine miles distance from where the former lived, the latter being on some urgent business obliged to go to London; the request being agreed to, he accordingly went. His congregation, (it being a very cold frosty day,) did not amount to above eight in all, and those men of the ordinary sort; and the parson's sermon happening to prove longer than they liked, one dropped out of church, and the other dropped out, till in short there were none left within, except the doctor and clerk, who still continuing his sermon, the clerk was as much out of patience as his neighbours, and looking up towards the pulpit, cried, Measter! measter Robins! --- What say'st thou, John? said the parson. They be aal gun, measter. I can't help it, John, replied the doctor, the discourse must be finished for all that. John sighed, and the parson proceeded; after waiting about ten minutes longer, and finding no likelihood of conclusion, John could not bear it, and starting up, he addressed the doctor again, with *Measter Robins! measter Robins!* What say'st thou, John? answered the doctor, *I tell ye what iese, measter Robins, said John, I do want a dabbin o'yeale deadly bad, I do upon my soale now; there, you may go an, uk you wooll, and when you be done, be so kind to meake veaste the door, and leave the key for I, at the Magpie, the lower end of the town, wool ye?*

A gentleman having a very fat daughter, offered a portion with her. Says the other, *Sir, a quarter of her is enough for me, if you can find any other gentleman willing to take the rest.*

A man was saying that his great grandfather, and grandfather, and father, died at sea. Quoth another who heard him, if I were you, I would never go to sea. Why, said the other, where did your great grandfather, and grandfather and father die? He answer'd, in their beds. Then said the first, *and if I were you I would neve go to bed.*

*Written by the Rev. Dean SWIFT, on his own
Deafness.*

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown,
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now, no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

STANZAS on reading some of the Works of the late

Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

WHY, O Fame, with Churchill keep,
Sons of envy, rankling say?
Better wert for fame to sleep,
Than trifle so her time away.

But females all will have their ways,
Their jigs, their jaunts, and favorite men,
Hence loads fair fame her Charles with bays,
Whilst not a sprig for other pen.

Some ask, what can the goddess mean,
What charms can she in Churchill find?
An honest heart, a brow serene,
A tongue, that never clokes the mind.

A British pen, that's not ashamed,
To point out vice, or virtue own;
To paint the good unjustly blam'd,
And scourge the bad, tho' near the throne.

EPITAPH on a young Gentleman.

MAN sprung from dust, to dust returns again,
Fraught with diseases, and o'erwhelm'd with pain;
Short are his days, his joys much shorter still,
Blended with cares, and checquer'd o'er with ill.
He's happy then, who soon resigns his breath,
And feels betimes the icy hand of death.

The late Mr. Taswell was taken one night in charge by the watch for a riot in the street, he being very much disguised in liquor, and at such time he was remarkably prone to abuse and quarrel; in consequence of the charge he was carried before one of our trading justices, whose chief characteristics were those of impudence and stupidity; to every interrogatory of the magistrate, Taswell made no other answer, except *your worship's wife, very wise indeed; your worship's wife*. Not being able to get any thing else from him, he was committed to the round-house till the next morning to sober him; when he was again brought before the magistrate, who began to reprimand him for his idle manner of talking the night before. What did I say then, Sir, replied Mr. Taswell; Say, cried the other, why, every question that I asked you, you still replied with, *your worship's wife, very wise indeed; your worship's wife*, that I thought thou wert mad, and so did madam Pruant too. *Hum!* said Taswell, *your worship no doubt hath read and observed likewise, that drunkenness is a species of insanity for the time, and if I said so, (as to be sure I did, because your worship says I did,) I was mad indeed, and I humbly hope your worship will excuse me*. Well, well, said the justice, (not feeling the sarcasm) get you gone about your business, and never let me see you here again upon the same occasion, or you may not get so easily quit of me I can assure you.

A minister of state had given positive orders to the porter, to deny him to a certain Gascon, who was very troublesome to him: The Gascon, however, having greased the porter's fist, got in once more. The minister, surprized to see this man, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary; I'll turn thee off, said he to the porter, if this man says two words. The Gascon then, giving him his petition, only said, *Sign*; which so pleased the minister, that he signed it.

The late king of Prussia asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Englishmen would beat them? That I can't tell, Sir, but I believe *half the number would try*.

An

*On a certain young LADY, noted for the fickleness of
her temper.*

DORINDA, most changeable girl in the world,
By fancy from one man to t'other is hurl'd,
Just shuttle-cock like, she's now here, and now there,
'This minute we hope, and the next we despair.
By the meekest of trifles her mind we discover,
For a new pair of garters, she'll quit an old lover.

S O N G.

TO feed my flock, to watch my fold,
To guard my tender lambs from cold,
In vain are arts like these my care;
'Tis pomp and splendor strike the fair.

While Strephon's garnish'd neck around
Yon silken handkerchief is bound,
In vain my blooming cheeks appear;
'Tis Strephon's look alarms my fair.

What 'vails my hautboy sweet of note,
As Philomel's melodious throat?
If Strephon's iv'ry pipe she hear,
'Tis Strephon's music charms the fair.

If, in the dance, on Strephon's knee,
The sumptuous ribbons bound she see;
'Tis vain to strive with nicer air;
'Tis Strephon's dance deludes my fair.

Cease then my art, cease then my charms,
To plead for Phyllis to my arms;
My flock, my fold no more my care,
Must purchase charms to bribe my fair.

To a young LADY, with a present of an Almanack.

HOW small the volume! yet in this you see,
The sun's whole labour in epitome:
So if kind Venus aid the poet's art,
And swell with soft desires my Celia's heart;
Here she shall find one Epigram contain,
More than a thousand folio's can explain.

An English gentleman on his travels, from the window of an inn, where he was diverting himself whilst dinner was getting ready, saw two or three Frenchmen making all the sport imaginable of a young raw countryman of his, who had, like many more, been sent full early into foreign parts. However, he not being willing that the poor squire should be too hardly dealt by, stepped down to his assistance, three of five valiant Frenchman took to their heels, the moment they were given to understand, that they must expect to receive chastisement for their behaviour, unless they desisted from any further impertinence. The two that remained drew their swords, and insisted the dispute should be ended by their decision; upon this, the gentleman having first asked the squire in English if he was for engaging, and his answer being in the affirmative, weapons were out immediately on the other side, and to it they went *pall mall*. The friendly gentleman having disarmed his antagonist, turned about to see what the squire had done with his, when he perceived him carelessly resting upon the hilt of his sword, and demanding what was become of his man, *By the L--d*, said he, *he's safe enough; I put him into the well yonder*. And so he had indeed, from which, on alarming the family he was extricated, not without much difficulty and loss of blood, from three wounds he had received before his foot slipping, had given the bold Englishman an advantage he had determined to make the most of.

His late majesty king George the second being on his passage to Hanover, was overtaken by so very violent a storm, that the yacht was thought to be in imminent danger. One of the chaplains coming upon deck in a terrible consternation, demanded of the next seaman, what he thought of the weather? Get below, do, out o'the way, what the devil are you crawling about here for; was all the answer he could have from the tar. He next applied to one of the officers, Pray, Sir, said he, what think you, are we like to be lost, or not? Why, truly, doctor, replied the officer, if the wind don't abate presently, I don't know but we may all be in heaven to-night. *God forbid!* said the parson.

The LADY'S LAP-DOG.

ANIMAL belov'd and beauteous,
 Happy fondling of the fair,
 Well does thy example shew t' us,
 What a woman's fav'rites are.

Toying, trifling, pretty creature,
 Form'd for idleness and ease;
 Such by sympathy of nature,
 Such, as thee, will ever please.

Thou, on cushion soft reclining,
 Always fed with dainty bits,
 Snapping, snarling, wheedling, whining,
 Rival'st beaux, and flatter'st wits.

While the dog of martial spirit,
 Train'd to chace the mountain boar,
 Trusting only to his merit,
 Dirty cur's kick'd out of door.

Thus the soldier seeking glory,
 Courting death in rude alarms,
 Finds at home, the usual story,
 Some spruce fop in Chloe's arms.

Things like thee, by soft approaches,
 Fawning, servile, supple arts.
 Crowd their toilets, fill their coaches:
 Things like thee possess their hearts.

E P I G R A M.

VENUS in armour Pallas chanc'd to view,
 Who dar'd her much th'old quarrel to renew;
 Love's queen reply'd, and smil'd a world of charms,
 Naked I conquer'd you, what need of arms?

On a painted LADY.

CRIES Kitty to a rattling buck, you know
 All is not gold that makes the glittering shew:
 That's true, said he, thy face would be no snare,
 But for deceitful colours painted there.

A carpenter walking carelessly through the streets of Lisbon, whilst some saint was carried in procession, was reproved by a person for not paying that respect to the holy image that every body else did, and that it was his duty to do. The fellow burst out a laughing, and replied, Sure you must take me for a fool indeed, to think I shall down o'my knees in the midst of the dirt here, *to worship a saint that grew in my own orchard three months ago, and had never been a saint at all but for the labour of these hands.*

Oliver Cromwell, riding once through the city at the head of the troops, accompanied by general Lambert, the mob huzzaing, and testifying great pleasure at the sight of him; the general was mightily delighted with the shew and applause, and could not help taking notice of it to his highness the protector; but that discerning man, observing what kind of people the hallooers consisted of, with a sigh and a shrug, replied to the general's remark, *Cousin, Cousin! there would be a much greater crowd, and ten times the shouting, if you and I were just now going together in a cart to the place of execution.*

A farmer who had two sons, the one of which was greatly addicted to sloth, insomuch that he used to lie very late in bed every morning; the father said to him one day, catching him in his nest at past nine o'clock, Ar'n't you ashamed to be so lazy thus day after day? There's your brother up always, and about the fields for hours, whilst you lie here snoring; and this morning he has been well rewarded for his industry, having found a bag in one of the lower grounds, with no less than forty pounds in it: *Has he, said the son, why, then the man that lost it, had better been in his bed as I am.* So turned himself about, and went to sleep again very contentedly.

Pythagoras, being once asked, how a person much addicted to drunkenness might be cured of it; I know only of one effectual method, replied the philosopher, and that is, *by seriously reflecting when sober of all its ill consequences.*

EPIGRAM *on the Death of a Friar.*

A FRIAR dy'd the other day,
 And strait to hell he posts away ;
 He knock'd for entrance at the gate,
 And wonder'd that they made him wait :
 He thought himself in such condition,
 That they could ne'er refuse admission.
 At length a page from Satan came,
 And thus address'd him in his name :
 Monk, you must quickly quit these borders,
 We know the tenets of your orders,
 Maxims that shock our whole abode,
 They say on earth, you eat your God !
 And since above you're so uncivil,
 Below, no doubt, you'd eat the devil.

The last WISH of an humble Sinner.

LET no vile flatterer, with verse or bust,
 Vainly pretend t'immortalize my dust ;
 No partial friend strew praises o'er my name,
 Where nought was found to praise, but much to blame ;
 No arch-for me e'er rear'd its lofty head,
 In proud defiance of the lowly dead ;
 But when I die, with the sheep's fleece array'd,
 Soft in the lap of earth let me be laid ;
 There, mixt with poor, the grateful tribute pay
 Of dust and ashes to my native clay ;
 Quick'ning our gen'ral mother to conceive
 Some happier birth in future times to live.
 There, still obedient to the laws most wise
 Of heaven, by just gradations I shall rise
 From earth to vegetable life again,
 From thence to animal, from thence to man,
 Till, summon'd by the trump of God away,
 I mount to live in everlasting day.
 So may I walk here humble in his sight,
 That there my day may not be turn'd to night.

In the reign of king Charles the second, the Dutch, who had been but a little before raised from obscurity by the generosity of England, began to infest our trade, and insult our fleets; frequent memorials, and humble remonstrances had been presented to his majesty to no effect. And when it was thought uselefs, and even unsafe to trouble him any farther, Killigrew the jester made use of the liberty his office intituled him to, to tell his majesty the sentiments of the nation. He came into the king's presence booted and spurred, as if for a journey: Where are you going to-day, Killigrew? said the king; *To hell, Sir,* answered he, *to bring back Oliver Cromwell, to chastise the insolence of the Dutch.* Which sarcastical answer had more weight with that witty monarch, than all the grave applications that had been made to him.

It was reported by the Athenian ambassadors at their return from the court of Macedon, and that with great marks of admiration, that Philip could drink abundantly more than any one either of his courtiers or subjects, at least, that had been heard of at that time; Demosthenes, the orator, returned tartly, *That it was no great compliment to a prince, to compare him to a sponge.*

Andrew Marvel, one of the most disinterested patriots in the reign of Charles the second, by well managing a very narrow patrimony, kept himself above corruption; and there is a story of him, which though it may seem to be but ordinary, deserves to be everlastingly remembered: He dined usually at a great ordinary in the Strand, where having eat heartily of boiled beef, and pigeons roasted and asparagus, he drank his pint of port, and on the coming in of the reckoning, taking a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his thumb and finger, *Gentlemen,* said he, *who would let himself out for hire, while he can have such a dinner for half a crown.*

A young and learned gentleman, who was to preach a probation sermon for a very good lectureship in the city, and had a bad voice, though otherwise an excellent preacher; a friend, when he came out of the pulpit, wish'd him joy, and told him, *he would certainly carry the election, for he had no body's voice against him but his own.*

*To an AUTHOR of merit, grossly bespattered by
the Reviewers, as they call themselves.*

DESPISE their malice, poor and low assault,
Scandal gives fame, when merit is the fault.
Their envy pines, impatient of thy light,
Would blast thy labours, turn thy day to night.
They rave, dull things, to see their works outshone,
But honour this revenge allows, shine on.

The ATHEIST and ACORN.

METHINKS this world seems oddly made,
And every thing amiss;
A dull complaining atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath a shade,
And instanced in this.

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which cannot upward make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this tree a fruit so small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That who so'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung,
That fruit upon this tree,
And left this mast thus slightly strung,
'Mong things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be.

No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry;
For upward gazing as he lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from its stay,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for the sin.
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies must have work'd no more,
Nor skull have kept 'em in.

It was rumor'd of Cosmo de Medicis, grand duke of Tuscany, on account of his prodigious wealth, that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was well recommended to his highness, (and by his polite behaviour added daily to his credit in that court,) one day fairly put the question, and asked the duke, if he had the philosopher's stone, or not? My friend, said the duke, I have; and because I have a regard for you, I will give you the receipt in a few words — *I never bid another do that which I can do myself; I never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day; nor do I ever think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.* The Venetian thank'd his highness for his secret; and by observing his rules acquired a great estate.

A gentleman eating some mutton that was very tough, said, It put him in mind of an old English poet: Being asked who that was, *Chau——cer*, replied he.

Some rattling fellows from London putting into an inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there; says one of them, You shall see me dumb-found that countryman: — So coming up to him, he gives his hat a twirl round, saying, *There's half a crown for you, countryman.* The farmer, after recovering a little from his surprize, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, *I thank you for your kindness, friend, there's two shillings of your money again.*

The late lord chancellor T-b-t when he was under the tuition of the reverend — who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so, he would give him a good living; one happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for the living: *Why really,* says my lord, *I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me too blame;* so putting the presentation into his hands, he convinc'd him that he had not forgot his promise.

A S O N G.

AS the Mole's silent stream crept pensive along,
 And the winds murmur'd solemn the willows among ;
 On a green turf complaining a swain lay reclin'd,
 And wept to the river, and sigh'd to the wind.

In vain (he cried) nature has waken'd the spring,
 In vain blooms the vi'let, the nightingales sing ;
 To a heart full of sorrow no beauties appear,
 Each zephyr's a sigh, each dew-drop's a tear.

In vain my Selinda has graces to move,
 The fairest to envy, the wisest to love ;
 Her presence no longer delights my sad eye,
 Since without her to live is more pain than to die.

O that slumber his pinions would over me spread,
 And paint but her image (in dreams) in her stead ;
 The beautiful vision would soften my pain,
 But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain.

The wretch thus like me, his heart wounded with care,
 Is deluded by hope, and undone by despair ;
 His pains ever waking deny him repose,
 And the moments but vary to vary his woes.

EPITAPH *on an ALDERMAN of Doncaster, who
 died of a Lethargy.*

HERE fast asleep upon his back,
 By death extended lies plump Jack ;
 A sleeper ne'er to be forgot,
 Renown'd as Chamberlain or Trott.
 Oft has he slept, (we've heard him snore)
 Within these sacred walls before ;
 Yet, charm'd a while by Morpheus' rod,
 He soon shook off the feeble god,
 And soon victorious 'gan to rise,
 And yawn and stare, and rub his eyes.
 Now vanquish'd quite, behold him fall,
 Attack'd by sleep, and death, and all.
 Be serious muse: the day will come,
 When he, fresh rising from this tomb,
 Shall life, and other realms explore,
 And wake, to die, to sleep no more.

A harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman that had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn; when the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way: Well, says the fellow, I'm resolved I'll up to town, and the king shall know it. The king know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? *Why, Sir, says the poor fellow, I have heard you say, the king could make a man A PEER at any time.*

A certain justice of the peace, that was not far from Clerkenwell, in the first year of king George I. when the fellow, whom he hired to officiate as his clerk, was reading a mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1714. How now*, said he, with some warmth, and *why not Georgio Domini? sure you forgot yourself strangely.*

An English gentleman being in Brecknockshire, used sometimes to divert himself with shooting; but being suspected by one of the little Welch justices, not to be qualified, his worship told him, That unless he could produce his qualification, he should not allow him to shoot there, for he had *two little manners*. Yes, Sir, said the Englishman, any body may perceive that. Perceive what? cried the Welchman. *That you have too little manners*, said the other.

A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed on several embassies, told him, He looked liked an owl. *I know not*, replied the courtier, *what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your majesty's person.*

Quin, the player, famous for his repartees, dined in the country with a certain great d—ke, who made an apology for treating his guests only with port wine, because his butler had lost the key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into his garden to shew them an ostrich; and, among other strange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digest iron. *Say you so, my lord*, said Mr. Quin, *why then I'd bet fifty pounds to a shilling, that that scoundrel hath swallowed the key of your lordship's claret cellar.*

A few COPPER MEDALS were struck of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, and one of them having been sent by a Gentleman in London, to another in the Country, the latter returned the following Verses on the Occasion.

WHEN worthless monarchs bend beneath their fate,
 Their honour ceases, and no more they're great;
 Death o'er their fame its sov'reign power displays,
 And leaves no footsteps of the flashy blaze.
 'Then shining medals, meant to raise their name,
 Are shining records of eternal shame:
 'The curious eyes the well-wrought work behold,
 Not for the flash of glory, but of gold;
 And all the honours that such trifles bring,
 Is but to say, its owner was — a king.
 Illustrious Newton asks no golden name,
 Here copper brightens to immortal fame:
 'The name once seen, his wond'rous works we scan,
 And lose at once the medal in the man.
 Wrapt in the thought, our glowing souls pursue,
 Bright nature op'ning like a flower to view.
 Would heav'n indulgent, spin my lengthen'd date,
 Nor let me drop, unripen'd to my fate,
 Whene'er this venerable bust I see,
 I'll think on Newton, and I'll think on thee.
 Thus Newton's name to lasting friends shall prove,
 Like his own works, a monument of love.

PUNCH and the MASTIFF.

AS Punch, assuming Gallic dress and pride,
 Was swaggering o'er the stage, with aukward stride,
 Fierce at the mimic heroe Captain flew,
 As if by instinct England's foes he knew.
 Tho' legates may at injur'd courts prevail,
 Perry * may hold a lion by the tail:
 Curs may be brib'd with crusts, or aw'd by fear:
 The true bred mastiff will no robber spare.

* *A noted fellow for shewing creatures.*

LINES

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about at every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what was sold there ; but, calling to the clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here ? Loggerheads, cried the other. *Do you ?* answered the countryman, *Egad, then you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left.*

King Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthless fellow, of a mean aspect ; when he was going to lay the sword upon his shoulder, the new knight drew a little back, and hung down his head, as out of countenance : *Don't be ashamed,* said the king, *'tis I have most reason.*

In a visit queen Elizabeth made to the famous lord chancellor Bacon, at a small country-seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment ; she asked him, How it came that he had made himself so small a house ? *It was not I that made my house too small for myself, madam,* replied the chancellor, *but you made me too big for my house.*

Lord Rochester was once invited to supper, by three different persons, viz. a Romish priest, a Protestant priest, and a Presbyterian. The supper they provided was salmon trout, with lobster and shrimp sauce ; after it was served, the Romish priest, being first, helped himself to the head of the fish, saying, *Roma est caput ecclesiæ.* Rome is the head of the church. The Protestant being next, helped himself to the middle part of the fish, and said, *In medio consisti virtus.* In the middle lieth the goodness. The Presbyterian directly took the tail part, saying, *Finis coronat opus.* The end crowns all. Rochester seeing there was nothing left for him but the sauce, took up that, and said, *In nomine Domini ego baptizo vos.* In the name of the Lord I baptise ye all, and flung it over them.

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw. She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, I wish I could, in return, say as much by you. *So you may, madam,* said he, *and bye as I did.*

*LINES wrote by a fond Husband, in compliment to
his Wife, he being at the time some distance from her.*

O THOU! in whom complacence dear I find,
Thou sweetest solace of my lab'ring mind;
Thou dearest partner of my joys and cares,
Thou daily subject of my fervent prayers;
Whom should I love but thee, my charming spouse?
To whom I stand engag'd by solemn vows.
Are children dear, and not Maria more,
Maria! who the beauteous offspring bore?
Whom should I care to please, my fair, but thee,
Who gav'st in blooming youth thyself to me?
Nor parents frowns thy steady heart could move,
Firm to thy choice, and constant in thy love;
Love, which thro' years in pensive patience spent,
Bow'd their reluctant minds to late consent.
Blest be the day when Hymen join'd our hands,
And bound our gentle hearts with mutual bands:
The day when thou by pure affection led,
Did'st take me for thy spouse, thy guide, thy head.
Still may my breast with chastest passion burn,
Still may Maria equal flame return;
Connubial flame still in thy bosom glow,
Fond as the loving hind, and pleasant roe;
So shall thy bliss, my joy perpetual prove,
And I be ever — ravish'd with thy love.

*Congratulatory LINES to King CHARLES the Second,
on his Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illness. By
an Oxford Student.*

ART hungry, Death?
Doth thy stomach ring noon?
Would'st eat our king?
Thou should'st eat the devil as soon.

An EPITAPH in Ashen Church Yard, near Bristol.
A LOVING husband, and a careful guide,
Is here laid down to rest and 'bide,
In peace to sleep the time away,
Until the resurrection day.

SONG.

A bishop going in great haste to Rome to be cardinalized, missed his promotion, and returned; but got a violent cold by the way: *It is no wonder*, said one that was told of it, *since he came so far without his hat.*

A young officer in a large mixed company at a tavern in one of our sea ports, gave his majesty king George as a toast. A person notoriously disaffected to the present government, when the glass came to his turn, drank only, the king! The captain in resentment, that his toast had not had the proper respect paid to it, coloured up as red as his regimentals, and demanded of the gentleman, what king? Nay, Sir, replied the other, don't put yourself into a passion, here is to the king whom God best respects. *Zounds! Sir*, said the officer, *that's not king George.*

A nobleman shewing Mr. Quin some very fine gardens, and other improvements about his estate, *Ah! my lord*, replied he with a sigh, *these are the beautiful things that make death so dreadful.*

Counsellor Fitzakerly pleading a case before lord chief justice Lee; his lordship on a dispute said, Brother Fitzakerly, I remember on a similar case argued before me, no longer than a twelvemonth ago, you was of a different opinion; I beg your lordship's pardon, replied the counsellor, it could not possibly be a similar case, *because I was then feed on the other side.*

Mr. Quin calling to lie at Burford, at the time of the races, could have no bed but the part of a clergyman's who lay in the garret, which he accepted, and made the doctor drunk for his civility. Mr. Quin, on going to bed, perceived the parson's linen to be excessively dirty, whereupon he asked him his name, (being yet a stranger to it,) the gentleman told him, it was Dobson, and that by the benevolence of his patron, he enjoyed a very good living some twenty miles off; Doctor Dobson, said Mr. Quin, I have nothing to do with the benevolence of your patron, or the goodness of your living; but take this from me, Doctor Dobson, *You shall not come to bed with your cassock on, you may depend upon it.*

S O N G.

IN vain I wish'd for liberty,
 And struggl'd with my yoke;
 Till Sylvia's falsehood set me free,
 And all my fetters broke.
 Now all which I admir'd before,
 I view secure from harm;
 Her radiant eyes can wound no more,
 Her face no longer charm.
 On all the beauties of that face,
 Which kindled first the fire,
 Pleas'd, yet unmov'd I now can gaze,
 Without one warm desire.
 The sailor thus, with looks sedate,
 When safe upon the shore,
 With pleasure sees the billows beat,
 And hears the tempest roar.

*On a REPORT, that when the Gentlemen Stewards,
 &c. of the Welch Society, waited on the Prince of
 Wales, his Royal Highness graciously put forth his
 Hand to each of them to kiss, and was highly pleased
 until the Rev. Mr. Evans (the Chaplain) approach-
 ed him, at whose Appearance he seem'd terrified, and
 drew back his Hand on that Gentleman's advancing
 to salute it.*

WHEN Cambria's free born sons, their prince ad-
 dress,
 Gracious he smil'd on all, except the priest; —
 Shock'd at the garb, perhaps, the reverend wore;
 That cou'dn't be, for *blacks* he had seen before.
 Here, rather think I, that the point may rest,
 Free from all guile the doctor's upright breast;
 From foul corruption's taint of every sort,
 And all such parsons bugbears are at court.

A gentleman staying late one night at a tavern, his wife sent his servant for him about twelve; John, said he, go home, and tell your mistress, it can be no more; the man returned by his mistress's order again at one; the answer then was, it could be no less; But, Sir, said the man, the day is broke: With all my heart, replied the master, he owes me nothing — But the sun is up, Sir. And so he ought to be, John, ought he not? *He has farther to go than we have, I am sure.*

A certain gentleman having amongst his friends the nick-name of Bos, which was a contraction of his real name; when his late majesty conferred the honour of peerage upon him, a pamphlet was soon published, with many sarcastical strokes at him, and had this part of a line from Horace as a motto, *viz.*

— *optat Epipa Bos* —

My lord asked a friend who understood Latin, what that meant? It is as much as to say, my lord, said he, that you become honours as a sow does a saddle. Oh! very fine! said my lord. Soon after another friend coming to see him, the pamphlet was again spoken of. I would, says my lord, give five hundred pounds to know the author of the pamphlet: said his friend, I know who wrote the motto. Ay, cried my lord, prithee who was it? Horace, answer'd the other. *How?* replied his lordship, *a dirty rascal, is that the return he makes for all the services I have done him and his brother.*

A person, whose name was Cock, though almost at the last gasp, could not help jesting with a female relation, who, coming to the bed-side where he lay, said, How do you do, cousin Cock? *Going to roost,* cousin, replied he, and died immediately.

The old lord Strangford taking a bottle with the parson of the parish, greatly commended his own wine. Doctor, said he, I can send a couple of ho-ho-hounds to *Fra-Fra-France* (for his lordship had a great impediment in his speech) and have a ho-ho-hogs-head of wine for them: what do you say to that, doctor? Why, replied he, I say that your lordship has your wine *Dog cheap.*

ADVICE *to the* LADIES.

'TIS not the ruby lip, and sparkling eye,
 Can raise a passion that shall never die :
 Beauty the brightest, is the frailest flower :
 To what amounts its weak, tho' boasted power !
 Perhaps some giddy thoughtless youth to warm,
 While bloom the graces of the lovely form :
 But, ah ! how short the pride of beauty lasts,
 Which ends with youth, and pain or sickness blasts !
 Be then advis'd betimes, ye young and fair,
 And let sublimer charms engage your care ;
 With every grace of mind attempt to shine,
 With virtue, sense, with beauty, sweetness join :
 With these adorn'd, when beauty is no more,
 Ye still to charm, shall have the pleasing power ;
 Not one soft smile shall be bestow'd in vain,
 But lasting as your worth, shall be your reign.

S O N G.

STREPHON ! how could you cruel prove,
 To flight me when you see I love ?
 What madness has possess'd your mind ?
 Must you be false, 'cause I am kind ?
 The love so eagerly you sought,
 I gave you sooner than I ought ;
 And now I'm banish'd from your breast,
 Because I granted your request.
 Had I unkind, and cruel prov'd,
 False man ! I had been still lov'd :
 While I was cold, your breast was fir'd ;
 When my flame kindled yours expir'd.
 May the next woman you address,
 Torment you more, and love you less ;
 Then like a spaniel you will prove,
 The worse your us'd, the more you'll love.

Two Jesuites having packed together an innumerable parcel of miraculous lyes, a person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told them one of his own; that at St. Alban's there was a stone cistern, in which water was always preserved for the use of that saint, and that ever since, if a swine should drink of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuites, hugging themselves at the story, set out the next day to St. Albans, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their return, they upbraided the person with telling them so monstrous a story. Look ye there now, said he, you told me a hundred lyes t'other night, and I had better breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rode twenty miles to confute me, *which is very uncivil.*

Mr. Taswell having once been informed by a friend, that to his certain knowledge such a one the bailiff had a writ against him, which he intended to execute that very day; he asked if the bailiff had had the small-pox, to which, his acquaintance having answered in the negative, that's lucky, said he, go your ways, and tell him, that he may be sure of me now, for you left me in bed. The man did as he was ordered; and Taswell immediately whips off his cloaths, and gets into bed between two small children of his landlady, who were both down with the small-pox, and very full, having first let the woman into the secret. As soon as he heard the bailiff's tread upon the stairs, he covers the children up with the sheet, and calling familiarly to him by his name, bid him walk in: Sir, said he to the catchpole, I know your business, and have heard much of your humanity; be so kind before you execute your office, just to sit down three minutes and hear my story, I won't detain you; *Is not my plaintiff, think you, Mr. —, a most cruel man, to arrest a person in my condition — my wife just miscarried, I broke my leg, and two poor blessed babies, God help 'em, in this miserable condition; do but see, Sir!* In so saying, he flung down the sheet, and holding up a child in each hand, frightened the bailiff in such a manner, that he instantly ran away, and left his prisoner, to take the advantage of his ingenuity.

EPIGRAM *on the Death of the late Rev. Mr.*
Charles Churchill.

REJOICE foul Catamites of Britain's isle,
Sycophants, thieves, reviewers, perjurers, smile;
Witlings rejoice! who now uncurb'd may load,
The slavish press with letter, poem, ode,
In fulsome praises of detested men,
Beneath the notice of a free-born pen;
Joy bribery and corruption, up and play!
What bard shall check, now Churchill is away?
What muse shall cheer, and warm our sinking land?
Hark! hark! a voice, if right I understand,
Proclaims, tho' fate has stopp'd his unaw'd breath,
And Churchill mocks the single reign of death,
Yet 'tis permitted by the heav'nly host,
That England ever shall retain his Ghost*.

* *Alluding to his poem so called.*

E P I G R A M.

WHEN Molly first rises, she's thirty confess'd,
But seems in the bloom of fifteen when she's dress'd;
From the toilette when come, she coquets all the day,
To be thought she's as pretty, and young as she's gay:
By strangers she's thought so; to them is a toast:
But how false all the power that Molly can boast!
Without patch or paint, with her own face put on,
In the morn she'd lose all, whom at night she had won.

EPIGRAM *on MODERN AUTHORS.*

AUTHORS have one sure comfort, since they find,
Readers, whom mother nature has design'd
For them; none write so low, but there are those,
Judge as they write, either for verse, or prose.
My lady and her woman feed their fancies,
With news, odes, ballads, Tristram, and romances.
Whilst coachman, footman, chamber-maid and cook,
With wond'rous zeal thumb o'er sage Whitefield's book,
Or if their souls reject such heav'nly fare,
The last new play, or Whittington the mayor.

A company of young gentlemen having supped at a noted tavern in Covent Garden, and ran up a very fine extravagant bill, without the means of defraying it, hit on a method to extricate themselves from the difficulty, that was whimsical enough—Having called for a bottle of Champagne and the reckoning, the waiter found them all standing, and each insisting on paying the whole charge himself. At length one of them proposed, since there was no likelihood of settling it soon that way, the fairest he could think of was, that the drawer should be blindfolded, and the first gentleman that he caught should be suffered to lay down the whole money; this was agreed to; and the waiter had a handkerchief tied about his eyes, and after amusing him with a turn or two, in which they took good care to keep far enough out of his reach, they slipped off one by one, till there was no person left in the room except himself, and the master running up to see what occasioned such a noise above stairs, the waiter caught hold of him as he entered the room, *By the L--d, Sir*, said he, *I have got you, you must pay the bill*; I believe I must, said the master, for I see no body else to do it; but what the deuce is the meaning of all this, are you mad Tom? Tom had by this time pull'd the handkerchief off his face, and was as much astonished as his master, so that it was some time before he was sufficiently recovered to give any account of the matter, which when he did, the master was philosopher enough to make a joke of the story; saying, to be sure the frolic was an expensive one to him, but he should comfort himself on the consideration, that he was not the only fool in the nation that suffered by the game of blind man's buff.

The late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessfully, during which time it had ever been his custom, when in company, to drink the lady's health before that of any other; but he was observed one evening to omit it: a gentleman reminding him of it, said, Come, doctor, drink the lady, your toast. The doctor replied, I have toasted her for these two seven years, and I can't make her *Brown*, so I'll toast her no longer.

A Negroe, who had been named Nat by his Master at the Time of Purchase, found means to inveigle the Affections of a young Indian Girl, whom the Planter kept from him. But the Master having been informed of the Matter, under Pretence of visiting another Plantation that he had at some Distance, furnished the Lovers with an Opportunity of meeting, which they did not fail to make use of; but coming on them unawares, Nat first hearing him, endeavoured to escape, but being entangled in his Hurry in the Net, with which the Beds in the West Indies are generally surrounded to prevent the Muscatoes or Gnats from getting to People whilst they sleep, his enraged Master caused him to be immediately hanged on a neighbouring Hicory, or wild Wallnut-Tree: On which tragical Event a Creolian Bard wrote the four following Lines.

*NAT, am'rous slave, one night being caught in net,
Which Indian lass 'gainst gnats close knit had set,
On wallnut-tree is truss'd; knot stops his breath;
And so gnat, net, night, knot, nut, knit Nat's death.*

VERSES occasioned by the Author's presenting a Fan to a young Lady, on which was painted the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto, Aura Veni.

By MR. POPE.

*COME, gentle air, th'Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade.
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breath on her lips, and in her bosom play.
This toy in Delia's hand is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.*

Verses

Dr. King, the late archbishop of Dublin, used always either at home or abroad, to eat off a trencher, and being once at table where there were a great deal of company, the old gentleman at that time chopping some capers amongst his sauce, said, *Gentlemen and ladies, however uncommon it may sound, yet you may venture to affirm hereafter amongst your acquaintance, that you saw Dr. King, archbishop of Dublin, when he was more than fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher as neatly as the briskest young fellow in the room could have done.*

A fellow begging with two wooden legs, having followed a gentleman, who was very gouty, for a long way, and to no manner of purpose, finding at last he could get nothing from him, exclaimed with a great oath, you miserly hopping son of a —, *I would not change legs with you, for all you're worth.*

A certain Italian having wrote a book upon the art of making gold, dedicated it to pope Leo X. in hopes of a reward. His holiness finding the man constantly following him, at length gave him a large empty purse, saying, *Sir, since you know how to make gold, you can have no need of any thing but a purse to put it in.*

Mr. Prior, when ambassador, being at one of the French operas at Paris, and seated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in France, sung louder than the performer, burst into bitter invectives against the latter; upon which his lordship gave over, to enquire the reason, adding, that the person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest voices they had. *Yes, replies his excellency, but he makes such a horrid noise, that I can't hear your lordship.*

A young nobleman, in queen Ann's reign, was sent on board a man of war, with the queen's letter, being at chuck with some of the ship boys, he said he was first. No, replied another, you are not; you lie like a son of a —, said my lord. There's manners! cries the other. Manners, answered a third, where the devil should he learn manners? *he has been but two days aboard.*
Some

VERSES left with a silver Standish, on Dean
SWIFT's Desk, by Dr. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came
To serve a proud Iernian dame :
Was long submitted to her will ;
At length she lost me at quadrille.
Thro' various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last ;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean :
And sometimes got within his door,
But still turn'd out to serve the poor*,
Not strolling idleness to aid,
But honest industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And brought me to the shape you see.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd,
Oh ! Hermes, gratify my pride :
Be it my fate to serve a sage
The greatest genius of his age :
That matchless pen let me supply,
Whose living lines will never die.
I grant your suit, the god reply'd,
And here he left me to reside.

* Alluding to 500l. a year lent by the dean without interest, to poor tradesmen.

The following LINES were written on occasion of the
Death of Sir THOMAS PARKYNS, whose Statue was placed on a Monument, in a wrestling Posture with Time.

HERE, thrown by time, old Parkyn's laid ;
The first fair fall he ever had.
Nor time, without the aid of death,
Could e'er have put him out of breath :
All else he threw, and will those twain,
As soon as he gets up again.

Some little time after the total defeat of the Scotch rebels by the duke of Cumberland, his royal highness, accompanied by general Hawley, and lord Albemarle, went to hear divine service; wherein the preacher very highly complimented the prince on that happy occasion, which general Hawley taking notice of, said, *only mind the parson, Albemarle!* The minister overhearing the remark, toward the conclusion of his discourse, added, but if it had not been for the cowardice of Cope, and the ill conduct of Hawley, his royal highness need not have gone through one quarter of those fatigues and troubles that he hath been obliged to do. — *Only mind the parson, Hawley!* returned lord Albemarle.

Dr. Sherlock had invited some gentlemen to dine with him, and complaining of diseases incident to old age, said, that he had grown very dim-sighted lately, and that often he found himself seized with that disorder instantly, and it should hold him an hour or two; sometimes more, and sometimes less; it has come upon me since dinner, added he, and I declare at this very instant I can see no more than that bottle upon the table; *I am afraid, doctor, your distemper is catching,* replied one of the guests, *for I am sure I have seen no more than that bottle these two hours.*

Pope the poet, whatever his other qualities might be, was noted for pride, conceit, and ill-nature; he was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* were poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage that none of them could comprehend: as they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage — Oh! says *Pope*, sarcastically, by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it. Upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible; which was really the case: and pray, master, says *Pope*, (piqued perhaps at being out-done by a red-coat) what is a note of interrogation? A note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions.* An

On two ATTORNEYS.

WILL is an arch, and artful knave,
 Bob full as artful is, but grave.
 Will, with a tongue as smooth as oil,
 Would even the elect beguile.
 Bob's half shut eyes and formal face,
 Evince him a true babe of grace.
 Will ne'er pretends religious merit;
 Bob has the form, but not the spirit;
 Whose inward man contrives to starve you,
 Whilst th'outward hopes in God to serve you.
 Will will by no means e'er come nigh,
 The direct paths of honesty;
 But thro' long, dark and crooked ways,
 His clients leads into a maze.
 John does the like; a diff'rent road
 Brings all his to the same abode.
 One's way the right hand, one's the left is,
 Till client soon of all bereft is.
 For when bewilder'd, and astray,
 They both devour their proper prey.
 Tell us, my master, if you can,
 Is Will, or Bob, the juster man?

ANSWER.

Both knaves alike; to you, the worse,
 Whose hand sunk deepest in your purse.

EPIGRAM.

YOU've often averr'd I'm the perfectest wit,
 That ever you saw, or convers'd withal yet;
 And I in return have as often profest,
 That of all womankind, you're the fairest and best.
 The assertions of both, are equally true,
 For as you laugh at me, so do I laugh at you.

EPIGRAM.

PHILANDER loads his board with noble fare,
 And every one that comes is welcome there:
 Be wise, Philander, ope thine eyes, and see,
 They love thy Burgundy, but laugh at thee.

EPISTLE

A very smart reply once was given to Sir John Strange, (whose father was a shoe-maker) who was not remarkable for treating the witnesses with too great civility. In a trial between the company of cordwainers, plaintiffs, against a person for exercising the trade of a shoe-maker, not having served his time thereto; a witness, on behalf of the company was thus interrogated by Sir John. Here, you fellow, tell me, don't you think, that as the defendant has carried on the business several years, that he understands taking measure and making shoes as well as you who served your time to it. No, replied the fellow, *nor you neither, for all your father was a shoe-maker.*

A noble English captain, who, when the town of Calais was lost, (which was not the last footing we had in France) being jeered by a Frenchman, and asked, Now Englishman, when will you come again to France? answered, *Oh, Sir, mock not, when the sins of France are greater than the sins of England, the Englishmen will come again to France.*

The archbishop of Bourdeaux, who in effect is lord high admiral of France, was to be general of a great fleet; the duke De la Volette came to his house in Bourdeaux one morning to visit him; the archbishop sent some of his gentlemen to desire him to have a little patience, for he was dispatching away some sea commanders, and that he would wait on him presently: the little duke took a pet at it, and went away to his house at Cadillac about fifteen miles off. The next morning the archbishop came to pay him the visit, and to apologize for himself; being come in, and the duke told of it, he sent his chaplain to tell him, *that he was newly fallen upon a page of St. Austin's Civitate Dei, and when he had read the chapter, he would come to him.*

An Irish lawyer, pleading before a judge in that kingdom, said, his client was a poor man, who got his livelihood by making tin plates of iron. Tin plates of iron! cries the judge; what do you mean by that, Sir? Arrah, says he, your lordship knows well enough what I mean; why, I mean, *that they are not tick.*

EPISTLE *from a Country Parson, to his Friend*
in London.

Dear Sir,

REGARDING neither blame nor praise,
Whether I merit birch or bays,
For once I will attempt in rhyme,
To tell you how I spend my time.
Imprimis then, in summer-weather,
The sun and I do rise together ;
Then hurrying William out to plough,
I call to Anne to milk her cow ;
Then take my cane, and walk at ease,
To see what pigs are in my pease,
Where, if I spy the grunting snout,
I clap, and Keeper hunts them out ;
Then mend the gap by driving stake fast,
And home again to take my breakfast.
Now all the time till breakfast ends,
We talk o'er all our Ongar friends :
And thus, perhaps, my wife begins,
And so it seems, Sir John has twins !
How strange, says she, do things go on,
Some can have two, while some have none.
Now such discourse to me is grating,
So I turn off to other prating ;
And talk of Sir John Byfield's marrying,
And lady Mary's late miscarrying.
Or any other foreign chat,
To rid her head and thoughts of that :
Though whisp'ring now my thoughts to thee,
I think it hard, as well as she,
But tell me, do your cheeks ne'er burn ?
For you are talk'd of in your turn ;
Nay, ev'ry one, without a lye, sir,
From good Sir John to poor Will Spicer.
Now loit'ring thus, as long as fitting,
I to my book, and she to knitting ;
But by the way of talking this,
We never part without a kiss ;

[Continued at page 62.]

And

A gentleman having supped at a friend's house in the city, and staid very late, had a coach called from Temple-bar, and ordered the driver to set him down in Berkeley-square; the coachman, vexed at so long a fare so late at night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting the box, swore that he should be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house, the gentleman called the fellow into the parlour, and told him of the wicked expression he had heard from his mouth; and asked him, what he meant by it? The fellow replied, he was somewhat provoked at being to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon; But, says his employer, do you consider you silly rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into hell, you must go in first yourself. No, no, master, answered the coachman, I could have provided against that well enough. How can that be; says he. There is no occasion for any more words, please your honour, replied the fellow, it is all over now. The gentleman, however, strenuously insisted on knowing what he meant, by saying he had provided against going into hell first. When the coachman replied, why, to tell you the truth, *I should have backed your honour in.* The gentleman could not forbear laughing heartily at this *salvo*, and calling the fellow an arch dog, gave him a shilling to drink his health.

A sea-faring man having been cleared by an act of insolvency, after he had been many years a fugitive for debt, burst out into the following joyful exclamations; this is indeed a most happy year to me; *I have got clear of my debts, of a most extravagant wife and family, and obtained my liberty: the parliament, God bless 'em! have spunged out my debts, my wife in my absence hath married another husband, and the Lord hath taken my children to himself.*

A letter was wrote by an Irish gentleman to a correspondent in England, in which was this extraordinary postscript. *My dear soul, as the contents of this letter are of the most material consequence, you cannot be too cautious whom you send to fetch it from the post office; in short, I would have you trust no body, except Taddy, or yourself.*

And every morning thus from Monday,
 I'm thinking what to say on Sunday.
 And so sit musing all alone,
 Until our parish clock strikes one ;
 When from the lowest stair, I hear,
 My wife call out, Come down, my dear,
 For dinner's ready — where I see,
 A decent plain frugality :
 There's nothing wanting nor profuse,
 A well fed duck, or season'd goose,
 Or beans, or pease, or barn-door hen,
 Or roasted pig, my due from ten ;
 Nor in the season am without,
 The silver eel, or speckled trout :
 And though I almost keep from wine,
 As strict as Jews abstain from swine,
 Yet does my side-board never fail
 To furnish beer, or well-brew'd ale ;
 Nor a desert, when fruit is ripe ;
 And after that I take my pipe.
 That done, why then I nod perhap,
 And lean my head to take a nap.
 Mean while some honest friend does come,
 And asks my maid, if I'm at home ?
 If fifty pounds he rent a year,
 I beg him then to draw a chair,
 And looking in the empty jug,
 I call to fetch another mug.
 With him discoursing, I am told,
 How at last fair, fat cattle sold,
 And many useful things I know,
 As when to plough, and when to sow,
 When to manure is proper time,
 And which is fittest dung or lime.
 So talk we, till he leaves my house,
 Then thank him, and salute his spouse ;
 And being of a well-bred nation,
 He says, he'll use my commendation :
 'Tis well accepted by the dame,
 And she returns it with some cream.

[Continued at page 64.]

And

It was a maxim of a late minister of state, that all mankind were to be purchased, come but up to their price, and he had but too much reason for his declaration ; it was a matter of dispute in a mixed company whether that gentleman had any honour, and, which is wonderful, it created much warmth on both sides, and might have ended tragically, if one of the persons present had not luckily play'd the moderator, by archly interposing, that it would be odd, indeed, if he had not honour, who had purchased half the honour of the nation : which being afterwards officiously echoed to the great man's ear, he rejoined with a haughty sneer, *It was a purchase easily made.*

A person having a good stomach, was invited to dinner, but having some extraordinary business he stayed till they had almost dined : how to get his belly full he could not tell, but sits down very melancholy in a chair ; says he, it was a sad accident that happened to your neighbour Green just now, for looking out at the window, he put both his eyes out ; away the company runs to this neighbour's house ; in the mean time he makes an end of their dinner for them : at their return, they told him they did not think he was so great a liar ; says he again, *what I say is true, for none can put their heads out, but their eyes must be out likewise.*

The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of marines, was quartered at a village where he buried many of his men ; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more unless he was paid for it ; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall-table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, *If he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*

A gentleman used to commend much the advice of a plain old man at Buxton, who sold brooms. A proud lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust, to whom the old man said, *Friend, hast thou no money ? borrow of thy back and of thy belly, they'll ne'er ask thee for't, I shall be dunning thee every day.*

And now the sun extends the shade,
 We walk perhaps in neighbouring mead,
 Close by whose verdant flow'ry side
 The silver waves in murmurs glide.
 Where sporting fish with sudden rise,
 Catch at the too unwary flies;
 Or where some fisher with his flook
 Watches his float with careful look:
 Or else beneath a spreading oak,
 I fill another pipe, and smoak,
 And see my lambs their frolics play,
 And so your friend wastes out the day.
 Then home returning, prayers are said,
 Will makes his bow, and all to bed. —
 But now methinks, you take me up here,
 What! all to bed without a supper?
 Why, faith, I own, I would conceal,
 What 'tis no credit to reveal;
 But yet, if that would give you ease,
 'Tis picking bones, or toasted cheese.
 And this concludes at present, from
 Your faithful, humble servant, *TOM.*

An EPITAPH on two LOVERS.

TO these whom nature first did wed,
 This tomb's a second marriage bed;
 For tho' the cruel hand of fate,
 Could soul and body separate,
 Yet could'nt man and wife divide,
 One life they liv'd, one death they dy'd.
 Peace — good reader, do not weep,
 The lovers only are asleep.

EPIGRAM.

BE not vain of your fancied success I desire you,
 Nor think that I love you, because I admire you;
 A monster doth doubtless deserve admiration,
 As much as the prettiest girls in the nation;
 And hourly experience, miss Molly, will shew ye,
 A granny is star'd at as much as a Chloe.

One day at a visitation-dinner, a clergyman who valued himself more upon his wit than he ought, and often mistook a rough kind of abuse for keen raillery, took it into his head to exercise his talents upon dean Swift, and did so very licentiously. The dean heard him with all the calmness in the world; not taking the least notice, nor making any kind of answer to any thing that he said. At length the bishop interposed, and checked the petulance of the snarl; (for that was the name he was known by.) The dean immediately then said to the bishop, *Momus, my lord, was always admitted to the feast of the gods, and privileged to say what he pleased there.*

A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent husband he had bought her a fine pad, which soon gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman of the same neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a termagant spouse, asked the widower if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and would give him what he would for it. *No,* said the other, *I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shall not marry again.*

A gentleman, who pretended to be a great controversialist, and was fond of religious disputes, was in the coffee-house in Bath talking of the fathers; of whom he was so ignorant, that having occasion to mention St. Origen, he called him St. Original: St. Original, said his antagonist, who is that St. Original? *Oh,* says a nobleman who sat by, *the master of the ceremonies.*

Nash was once proposing a charity subscription in Wiltshire's room at Bath, when Sir William * * * was present: and after he had delivered a sentence to the company, he repeated it aloud in Sir William's ear. What dost bellow thy nonsense in my ears for? says the knight; *Because,* replied Nash, *on these occasions you are generally deaf.*

A person having two very ungracious sons, the one robbed him of his money, and t'other of his goods: his neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *He might sue the county, for he had been robbed between Son and Son.*

*To one that recommended SACK to a fat Man to make
him lean.*

I wonder'd much, my friend, what you could mean,
To say, that drinking sack would make one lean,
But now I find, that I mistook you clean.
For th'other day, I met one whom I know
Fear'd fatness much, but he had ply'd sack so,
That faith, unless he lean'd, he could not go.
Excuse me then, for now I see your meaning,
Tho' sack won't make one lean, 'twill make one leaning.

An EPITAPH on a POTTER.

HE that in clay
His chiefest trust repos'd,
Is now in clay,
Instead of dust, inclos'd.

To a CAPTAIN in the Army, who lost both his Legs.

CAPTAIN, by wars some people
Got not one thing;
You got a brace of wooden legs,
That's something.
Others lost much;
But when you next go hence,
Lose both your legs,
You'll lose but eighteen-pence.

*EPIGRAM on a beautiful LADY, possessed of as
beautiful a SON, excepting that each of them had
met with the Misfortune to lose an Eye in the Small-pox.*

ON one side sweet Maria's blind,
Young Sammy on the other,
Yet scarce another fault you'll find,
In Sammy or his mother.
O lend, fair boy, thy other eye,
To make thy mother's two;
Then she with Venus' self may vie,
And with blind Cupid you.

SONG.

A clergyman in Cornwall, taking his text from the gospel of St. Matthew, chap. viii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever*, had preached for three Sunday's successively on the same subject: soon afterwards, two fellows going across the church-yard when the bell was tolling, one asked the other, if it was not for Gaffer Burton? No, no, replied he, Burton's got out again: nor, I'll be rot if I do know who it is for, *unless it be Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks.*

A gentleman being greatly indisposed, his lady sent a servant for an eminent physician, that lived in the neighbourhood; but the fellow instead of doing the business that he was ordered, of his own head fetch'd the family undertaker; his mistress very severely reprimanded him for the mistake. Madam, you need not be so angry with a body for being so careful of your money and time for you, replied the fellow, *if I had not secured this gentleman just now, perhaps you might not have had him when you wanted him, which will be in about six or eight hours at farthest, and then there's the doctor's fees saved into the bargain.*

A proud parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The same, said the shepherd, that clothed you, the parish. The parson, nettled at this, rode on, muttering, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd, if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why are You going away then,* said the shepherd. *No,* answered the other. *Then you may tell your master,* replied the shepherd, *his living can't maintain Three of us.*

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned John Scott, ask'd him, What difference there was between Scot and Sot? *Just the breadth of the table,* answered the other.

S O N G.

TOBY SWILL

Has ne'er his will,
 Tho' drunk each night and day;
 But soon as e'er
 The reck'ning's call'd,
 Then Toby sneaks away.

Toby laughs,
 And puns, and quaffs,
 Untill a bill is call'd,
 That strikes him dumb,
 He's then hum drum,
 And all his mirth is pall'd.

Pay but his shot,
 'Tis all forgot,
 And he again is gay:
 He'll stand the rub,
 Of a whole club,
 To drink, and not to pay.

E P I G R A M.

WHY should those eyes, Florella, wear
 A chilling scorn to me,
 Yet ardent gaze on one who ne'er
 Yet felt a sigh for thee?

Or why, if you are not decreed
 To ease another's pain,
 Am I not of my passion freed,
 Or you of your disdain.

Forbear, fond youth, Florella said,
 And blame not me, but fate;
 You're doom'd, alas! — by her betray'd!
 To love, and I to hate.

The CHARACTER of a certain LADY.

HER voice is as clear as the stream,
 Her character light as the sun;
 Her dealings are hard as a stone;
 But her promise is sure as a gun.

An Irishman saw the sign of the rising sun as he passed through some of the streets, not far from the Seven Dials, and underneath was wrote, *A. MOONE*, the man's name who kept it being Aaron Moone. The Irishman thinking he had discovered a just cause for triumph, roars out to his companion, only see, Teady! — blood and fire, see here! — they talk of the Irish bulls; only do but see now! — here's a fellow puts up the rising sun, and calls it *A. Moone*!

Seven Jack tars, having hired each his horse, at an inn at Chalfount near Uxbridge, which horses lately belonged to a regiment that was broke; an officer seeing them galloping very fast, said to some of his friends, standing at the inn door, I will now shew you some diversion; at which time the tars on full speed, with their heads over their horses, were come to a brook that ran across the road; and upon the officer's crying out, *Halt*, the horses suddenly stopped, and threw them all into the brook, to the no small entertainment of the spectators.

Quin, the player, being on a road near to a pound, was overtaken by one who thought to pass a jest upon him; and throwing a shilling into the pound, said, There, Quin, that's one pound one. *No, you rascal*, replied Quin, *but as you will pay your debts, one shilling in the pound.*

Mr. Jones being expelled the house of commons in Ireland, a punster said, this was not *In I-go Jones*, but *Out I-go Jones*.

From some literary anecdotes, we learn, that a new edition of the celebrated tragedy of Merope, written by the Marquis Maffei, is lately published at Verona. The sixth scene of the second act of this excellent piece, contains a passage truly pathetic and sublime. The wife of a noble Venetian having lost her only son, abandoned herself to despair. A priest endeavouring to comfort her, bids her recollect that God had commanded Abraham to plunge a poignard into the bosom of his own son, which he obeyed without murmuring. *Ab, reverend father*, said she hastily, *the Almighty would never have enjoined a mother to make such a sacrifice.*

EPITAPH for Mr. SHUTER, *when it shall please
God to call him.*

BELOW in bed,
Lies honest Ned,
Who harm ne'er did, or meant of;
Who had no spice
Of heinous vice,
So, — little to repent of.
With heart sincere,
And friendly ear,
He freely dealt his pelf;
In life like this
Whate'er's amiss,
Correct it in thyself.

On true HAPPINESS.

LONG have I sought the wish of all,
True happiness to find,
Which some will wealth, some pleasure call,
And some a virt'ous mind.
Sufficient wealth to keep away,
Of want the doleful scene;
And joy enough to gild the day,
And make life's course serene.
Virtue enough to ask the heart,
Art thou secure within?
Hast thou perform'd an honest part,
Hast thou no private sin?
This to perform, these things possess,
Must raise a noble joy,
Must constitute that happiness,
Which nothing can destroy.

F I N I S.

